The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1893.

The Week.

It is evident that the Chinese in this country are in no danger of being hustled out of it. Judge Lacombe, as in duty bound, solemnly ordered the deportation of one Chinaman arraigned before his court on the heinous charge of having no certificate, but discharged him from custody pending the arrival of the deporting officer, whom, he holds, the statute neglected to name. Now comes Secretary Carlisle sending instructions to collectors of customs not to do anything to enforce the Geary Law, but to be uncommonly active in enforcing some other laws. He gives no reason for this discrimination, probably because he has none to give. It cannot be merely lack of funds, for a few days ago he said that he should use up the few thousands he had in executing the law until July 1, when an appropriation of $50,000 would be available. The truth seems to be that the Administration is venturing to interpret the real wishes of the people, and to disregard a piece of buncombe and barbarous legislation of which they are now heartily ashamed.

There is a newspaper published in the interior of this State as an attachment to a protected felt factory. It is called the Dolgeville *Herald*. The tariff on Mr. Dolge's product (piano felt) was raised in the McKinley Bill from 25 per cent. ad valorem to 49½ cents per pound and 60 per cent. ad valorem, which is equal to 122 per cent. on the foreign article. The Dolgeville *Herald* is naturally "down on the Democrats" in every possible way. It improves the present occasion to point out the iniquities of that party in connection with the Geary Anti-Chinese Bill. Whether this protected felt factory objects to the Democrats for passing the bill, or for not enforcing it after its passage, we can hardly make out from the article which it publishes. We improve the occasion, however, to say that the Republicans cannot point the finger of scorn against the Democrats for passing this inhuman measure, seeing that their President signed the bill and their Senate passed it with only seven Republican votes in the negative, whereas eight Democrats, counting Kyle of South Dakota as one, voted against it. In the House only nineteen Republicans voted against the bill, whereas twenty-four Democrats recorded themselves in the negative. The dishonors are rather in favor of the Republicans, because Elder Harrison signed the bill. As to the Dolgeville *Herald*, we think that the tariff on piano felt will have to go.

All accounts of the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday agree that the great crowds present were very largely made up of people who have to work six days in the week, and were remarkably well behaved and orderly, showing particular eagerness to enjoy the Art Palace, which was thronged, and Horticultural Hall. So far as those are concerned who went to the Fair, therefore, there is no evidence that they would have spent their Sunday in a quieter or more improving way had the gates been shut. We do not read that the churches of Chicago were less attended than usual, or that anybody in that city or anywhere else in the country was obliged by the open Fair to deviate in the slightest particular from his accustomed manner of Sunday observance. The peaceful and successful result of the first Sunday's experiment must be hard for the extreme Sabbatarians to understand. They must have picked up their papers on Monday expecting to read of some awful divine judgment on the Fair, or those who went to it. In fact, they had taken pains beforehand to suggest to the Almighty a proper course to observe, as when the Rev. Mr. Rossiter said in his sermon a week ago Sunday: "I would not be surprised if an electrical storm the like of which the world has never known should, with flashing lightning and tremendous winds, level those mighty buildings to the ground, and leave Jackson Park a frightful and appalling evidence of the just wrath of God." After such a hint as that of what was expected of Providence, it is disappointing in the extreme to learn that there was not even a shower. We fear that the Sabbatarians will soon join Carlyle in intimating to the Almighty that it is high time He was "doing something."

The shortsightedness of the Sabbatarians who are making such a fight to close the World's Fair on Sunday is strikingly brought out, in a phase of it which few have considered, in a letter to the *Tribune* from the Rev. W. C. Selleck of Denver. He recognizes, as everybody does, the fact that the persons chiefly to be benefited by the opening of the Fair on Sunday are working people and others who would find it difficult, if not impossible, to enter the gates on other days, and says:

> "It is strange to me that the zealous people who are so opposed to Sunday opening do not see that the existing arrangement, together with the spirit they are manifesting, is sure to beget hostility and hatred towards the churches in the breasts of many thousands already too much alienated from them. We have heard a great deal in recent years about the failure of the churches to hold the masses, and about the problem of their 'reaching the masses,' and yet the leaders of the great churches do not seem to have the remotest idea that just such actions as we are now witnessing on their part with reference to this matter of opening or closing the Fair are surely widening and deepening the gulf that separates hundreds of thousands of good men from the Christian churches."

All this is undeniably true, as will be admitted by those who know anything of human nature in general or workingmen's nature in particular. Will they be drawn to that Boston church which hysterically called upon the President to order out the troops to keep them out of the Fair? Does the Church expect to "reach the masses" with bayonets?

We have received several communications, some ridiculing and some abusing the municipal personages who, either in an official, semi-official, or quasi-official character, have been recently entertaining the various distinguished foreigners who have come to this port. Of course the spectacle has been a very painful and humiliating one for all who care for the opinion of the civilized world about this city and its inhabitants. That these Tammany nondescripts should have come in contact at all with foreign ladies and gentlemen, as our representatives, and should have given them barbarous entertainments with money largely derived from public plunder, is probably the worst scandal which has occurred in a great city since Columbus died. It was precisely this sort of scandal which we had in mind when we opposed the holding of a Columbo-Tammany Fair in New York. Had we had the Fair here, the foreigners would have stayed in the city and found out all about our city officials and rulers from prolonged personal contact with them and close observation of them. The Fair being in Chicago, however, the foreign visitors are merely birds of passage in New York, and get only a vague and blurred impression of our municipal functionaries and wirepullers. Every American who cares for the fair fame of the country ought, therefore, to do what he can to hasten their departure and keep the Tammany "Honorables" quiet while they are here.

There is a curious popular impression that these Tammany personages are in some way better or less disreputable than the Tweed gang, which is constantly referred to as the acme of municipal corruption and vulgarity. This is, we think, a great mistake. Our present régime is, as far as externals go, much worse than Tweed's. It doubtless steals more skilfully, but its illicit revenue is probably far larger to-day than Tweed's ever was, and there is no sort of comparison possible between the personnel of the two combinations. For instance, as regards character, Tweed's stood far higher. Not one of the chief members of the Tweed Ring had been indicted or convicted of any crime or offence. All had reputable antecedents. They did not come up suddenly out of manholes, or pop out of gambling houses or liquor shops or brothels. Tweed had at one time a genuine chair business and attended a Presbyte-

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rian church. Hoffman and Oakey Hall, his two Mayors, were men of education and members of the bar in good standing. Connolly had been cashier or other officer of a bank. Sweeny was a member of the bar also, and by his own admission was, about 1870, one of the best and purest men in New York. It is not necessary to compare them in detail with the present "combine." At all events we shall not do it until the Exposition is near its close and the unfortunate foreign guests have got back to their homes. It is true that there was much barbarous splendor about Tweed's house in Fifth Avenue, and about his Club out at Greenwich, but this was at the close of his career. Our word for it, the present gang will outdo him before they reach the close of theirs. They are growing rich hand over hand. Their wives' diamonds grow bigger every month, and their horses and carriages cost more, and their ormolu and their tapestries become more wonderful. Tweed never ventured on the insolent and contemptuous defiances of the intelligence, science, morality, and indeed, one may say, civilization of the community, in which they indulge nearly every week.

The discrepancies in our picturesque morning contemporaries touching the arrival of the Princess Eulalia and her start from the West Thirty-fourth Street pier to her hotel, must have impressed everybody, and especially the royal lady concerned. No two of the pictures resemble each other, although all purport to represent the same scene at the same moment. The *Tribune* shows us a detachment of cavalry and five or six carriages in addition to the one conveying the Princess. The *Sun* allows us no cavalry whatever, and only two carriages in addition to that of the Princess. The *Herald* eschews cavalry and allows only one carriage, but throws in a large crowd of people on foot who are wanting in both the other delineations. Now, what are we to do? What will the future historian say when he comes to describe this Columbian event? To reconcile the positions assigned to the parties, and to account for the appearance and disappearance of the cavalry, will be the task of some future Pickwick Club. Similar discrepancies are observed in the scene at the Savoy Hotel, where Mayor Gilroy welcomed the Princess; also in the pictures of the furniture in the rooms occupied by her. The *World* supplies a picture of the bath-room, but there is no more reason for supposing that it is correct than that the other things are. If it is not like the real bath-room, it is like some bath-room, and that is sufficient. The *World* also has nearly a page of portraits of people who intend to go to the ball, or who can go if they want to. Some of these have some resemblance to the persons represented, while others probably resemble people in some other part of the world, which is just as well.

The pension case which was ordered by Secretary Smith to be reviewed the other day was one among thousands of downright swindles on the Government which must make every respectable soldier blush. In this case the applicant was troubled with "slight deafness," which he traced back to a "sunstroke" which he said that he had received at Raleigh, N. C., twenty-five years before. His regimental rolls showed that the sunstroke had not been severe enough to send him to the hospital for a single day. Nevertheless he was allowed the highest rate of pension that could be allowed to one who was disabled from earning his living by manual labor. This soldier was in the service less than one year. The case seems laughable, but its amusing features are surpassed by another the particulars of which were communicated to us by a well-known officer not long ago. This officer was called upon by a pension claim agent to write a certificate on the back of an application for a pension for the loss of a foot during the war. The facts were that the applicant had attempted to shoot off one of his own toes so that he might not be ordered to the front with his regiment. Being a little nervous, he sent the ball through the centre of his foot so that amputation became necessary. These facts the officer happened to remember, and accordingly he wrote them all down carefully on the application. When the claim agent read them, he was very angry and exclaimed: "You have spoiled a good month's work, but we will get this pension yet." And he went off cursing. The probability is that a more facile writer of certificates was found, and that a grateful country is now paying at least $12 per month to this man who lost a foot during the war.

Congressman-elect Everett of Massachusetts has promptly taken the right position on the question of patronage. He was asked to endorse the candidacy of a negro applicant for the office of Recorder of Deeds at Washington, and he has refused to do so, saying in explanation of his position: "I have for a long series of years felt that the custom by which members of Congress take an active part in the distribution of offices is a bad one, and I made up my mind that if I was ever honored by an election to Congress, I would, to the utmost of my ability, withdraw from all share in endorsements, recommendations, and solicitations." He will forward to the proper quarter a petition for any constituent who is afraid it will not otherwise reach its destination, but he will have no hand in the control or distribution of the patronage. "I am not conceited enough," Dr. Everett adds, "to think that I can change things all by myself, but I dare not wait for any one else to begin." It is a great thing to have somebody make the beginning, and the time is coming when Dr. Everett will have many imitators.

There are statesmen who are greater masters of style than Governor Hogg of Texas; but the veto message which he recently sent to the Legislature shows that he is a man with sound ideas as to the sphere of government. Texas employs a large number of her convicts in working a sugar plantation which produces about one million pounds of sugar a year. If the regular sugar bounty were to be paid upon this product, the State would draw from the Federal Treasury $20,000 a year, and a bill was recently passed authorizing the State authorities to receive this bounty. Governor Hogg has vetoed the bill on the ground that by accepting the bounty "the State would debase her dignity, prostitute her honor, and open the way for the invasion and final destruction of her independent autonomy." Incidentally he shows that the State makes a handsome profit on the sugar without any bounty, so that no claim can possibly be made that the payment from Washington is needed to develop an "infant industry."

Ex-Secretary Charles Foster makes frank confession of the chief cause of his financial collapse by saying: "It is only just to myself to say that two things have caused my downfall—one was neglect of business occasioned by my devotion to politics, and the other to an over-zealous desire to build-up Fostoria." This mixture of business with politics has proved disastrous to other Republican leaders than Mr. Foster. Our own illustrious John F. Plummer was its victim early in 1890; and toward the close of the same year, E. H. Ammidown of the American Protective Tariff League was forced to succumb to it. More recently, Napoleon McKinley fell by the wayside. Plummer's failure was much more complete than Foster's seems to be now, for he was found to have almost no assets whatever when the end arrived, and his downfall was accompanied by heavy loss to nearly everybody who had put trust in him. Many persons have suffered heavily, it is admitted now, by Foster's failure, and the list of these unfortunates is likely to increase rather than diminish when the real condition of his affairs is ascertained. Another criticism upon Mr. Foster's failure must come to the mind of every business man, namely, that he had too many irons in the fire. Among the enterprises that he was carrying on was a general store, one or more glass factories, one or more banks, an electric-light and power company, natural gas works, brass and iron works, a stave and barrel company, besides

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extensive real-estate speculations. When a man is "spread out" in this way, he must possess extraordinary business capacity and a very large margin of capital, else he will be likely to fall a victim to the first serious pinch in the money market.

The revolutionists in Nicaragua appear to have got the upper hand, for the present at least, but there is not so much that is interesting in that event as in the curious rumblings about international law, and the duty of this country in the premises, to which it has given rise in various quarters. The Nicaraguan Minister at Washington is reported to have said that the United States ought to establish a protectorate over Nicaragua, which seems to throw light on the mysterious assertion of a valiant Republican paper a few days ago that, if Harrison were President and Blaine Secretary of State, the American flag would now be flying over Nicaragua, for the reason that that country has many things that "we need." But it is in the *Sun* that we get the law laid down. The Nicaraguan revolutionists must not expect recognition from Washington, because "our custom is to be slow in taking a step which gives at least moral support to a movement for the overthrow of a Government with which our own holds friendly relations." Indeed, "President Sacaza's Government might request ours to land troops" to put down the revolution. This is highly interesting, and we take it to be a graceful admission by the *Sun* that it was all wrong in advising and defending exactly the opposite course in Hawaii. There it was the revolutionists who might call for United States troops, and get them too, and there we could not be too precipitate in recognizing a movement for the overthrow of a Government with which we were in the friendliest relation.

There is something pathetic, as well as comic, in the attempt of the French Patriotic League to make a hero and successor to Boulanger out of Gen. Dodds. No sooner had that officer landed at Marseilles, on his return from Dahomey, which he did quietly enough, than he was ostentatiously greeted by the municipality as "the conqueror of Behanzin," and a little later the walls were covered with placards urging him to go to Paris and throw the members of Parliament into the Seine. Arrived at Paris, Gen Dodds was met by Boulangist deputies, who offered him no end of flowers in the name of the Patriotic League; but what he was expected to do, or why the Boulangists should make so much of him, was left unexpressed, unless it were somehow conveyed in the language of flowers. Then there sprang up a grave discussion in the Paris papers over the question whether the General had really "the stuff of a Boulanger" in him. Some maintained that it would never do for France to throw herself into the arms of a man whose only title to military glory was a victory over a savage chief, while others retorted that England's example was enough on that point, and that to conquer Behanzin was as honorable as to conquer Arabi Pasha. Meanwhile, to Gen. Dodds himself the hubbub appears to have been extremely distasteful, and he has borne himself with a modesty which is almost painfully shrinking. He disclaims all knowledge of politics or interest in it, yet it is evident that he will have a hard time to escape being made a hero and a great leader in spite of himself.

It is possible that the "Right to Steal" may be the next article in Labor's bill of rights. The "Right to Work," meaning thereby the right to fix your own wages and to say who your fellow-workingmen shall be, appears now to be well settled in the minds of labor-unions, and, in Paris at least, they are prepared to take the next step. A certain manufacturer, M. Clément, became convinced that he was a victim of a system of petty pilfering, and called in the detectives to find out who were the guilty parties. Quite a number of his employees were caught in the act, were arrested, and confessed that they were responsible for the disappearance of the articles which M. Clément had missed. He naturally proposed to make an example of them, but was astonished to find that if he did, all his men would go on strike. Then he offered to compromise, agreeing not to prosecute the youngest offenders and to recommend others to the mercy of the court, and proposing to invoke the full rigor of the law only for the most hardened culprits, even in their cases going so far as to promise to support their families during their terms of imprisonment. But all would not do. The workingmen said that they had to recognize their "solidarity" in the affair, and would all quit work unless he would agree not to appear against the thieves. Moreover, they maintained that he was rich enough to stand such petty losses without making a fuss about it. In other words, they stood up for the right to steal.

The political crisis in Norway is bringing about some extraordinary novelties in parliamentary government. On May 5 the Storthing adopted by a vote of sixty-four to fifty a resolution of confidence in the Radical Cabinet of Steen, which had resigned because King Oscar would not carry out its recommendations, and then, after an exciting and acrimonious debate, voted, sixty-three to sixty-one, that "the Storthing feels bound to notify the Stang Ministry that it does not enjoy in the National Assembly and in the country the respect and confidence which are essential to good government." During the debate a member of the Ministry said that such a resolution would be like placing a revolver in the hands of the Cabinet with an order to commit suicide. But the resolution was passed and the Cabinet decided to ignore it. Thereupon, on May 8, the Storthing voted a pension to Steen, and the Finance Committee announced that it would cut off the Prime Minister's salary and cut down the King's civil list. Nevertheless, the Conservative Cabinet proposes to stay in office until next year, when the term of the Storthing will expire, meanwhile getting along on short commons as best it can.

The political system represented by the Austrian statesman Anton von Schmerling, who died on May 23 at Vienna in his eighty-eighth year, received its deathblow more than a quarter of a century ago, when Von Beust was called from Saxony to Vienna to undo the work of both the Liberal Schmerling, who had given Austria constitutional government, and his Feudalist successor, Count Belcredi, under whom the Constitution had been suspended. Schmerling, bent on ruling Austria by strong centralization, under the supremacy of the German element, allowed the Empire, by his hostility to Prussia and his antagonism to Hungary, to drift to the very brink of ruin; Beust, whose liberalism was less sincere than that of Schmerling, and with whom hostility to Prussia was largely a personal matter, was far-sighted enough to bring about the reconciliation of Austria and Hungary, and thus to pave the way for the present alliance between Germany and the Hapsburg monarchy. And yet Beust, whose ideas triumphed so strikingly, lived after his retirement in political neglect, and died almost in obscurity; while Schmerling, whose chief aims led to failure, enjoyed to the end, and through all the strange mutations which the Government of Cisleithania underwent, a rare degree of personal popularity. He lived to see at the helm of affairs the Liberal "citizen ministers" Giskra, Herbst, and Hasner, the Federalist Potocki, the Ultramontane Hohenwart, the Constitutionalist Auersperg, and, finally, the "reconciliation minister" Taaffe, whose policy, inaugurated in 1879, has succeeded in embroiling all the national parties of Cisleithania —Germans, Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Italians, and Slovens—to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of the Empire. Through all these years Schmerling wielded, as President of the Supreme Court and leader of the Opposition to Taaffe in the upper house of the Reichsrath, considerable political influence; and his dignity and disinterestedness, and his genial, unassuming ways, made him the most honored, as he was the most prominent, representative of the Constitutional era in Austria which began in February, 1861.

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THE PETARD OF THE "DEBTOR CLASS."

THE financial outlook is not at present a very cheerful one, but it is the prerogative of our people to appreciate the humorous aspects of the gloomiest situations. The springs of laughter and tears lie close together, and man himself, with his infinite yearnings and hopes and capacities, and his abject shortcomings, is not understood by the philosopher who does not mingle smiles with sadness. Both reason and authority justify us in calling attention to the sport to be had from seeing the "debtor class" hoist by its own petard, the Sherman Silver Act—especially as we have from the beginning warned our amateur financial engineers of the dangerous nature of their contrivance.

"Go to," said the professed mouthpieces of the debtor class; "is it not more money that we want, and will not this law give it us at the rate of five millions a month, the wails of the gold-bugs notwithstanding?" Whereupon the gold-bugs wailed and reasoned and protested, and the debtor class listened and chuckled over its smartness in outwitting the sharks of Wall Street. With the Sherman Act in operation, nothing on earth could hinder the gradual expulsion from the country of gold—a notoriously unpatriotic, treacherous, and fugacious metal—the gradual increase of the *per caput* allowance of money, and the descent sooner or later to the silver basis. To be sure, there was no immediate opportunity for cheating creditors under this act, and some of the silver-men were aggrieved thereat, but there were bright hopes held out for the future, and to the debtor class hopes are as meat and raiment.

Meanwhile how was it with the "creditor class"? These men, having money to lend, satisfied themselves that it was just that they should receive money equal to gold in value. They were aware that the prices of commodities fluctuated, and that a gold dollar hereafter might buy either more or less of the necessaries of life than at present, but they were willing to take their chances of that. They were not willing, however, to lend gold dollars if they were to be repaid in silver dollars. Some of them consulted the decisions of the United States Supreme Court and acquainted themselves with the present constitution of that tribunal, and were convinced that the law would compel every one to pay gold who had promised to pay gold. When the debtor class came to borrow of these men, it found its hopes somewhat dashed. It found that lending and borrowing were to be upon a gold basis, and that if it wanted to borrow any money at all it must agree to pay it back in the hated metal.

It is a general rule, however, that when a man contemplates the possibility of resorting to law to collect debts, he looks sharply at the security before he makes a loan. If he is to be compelled to take property for his debt instead of money, he wants to be sure that the property is of substantial value, and he also wants to be paid for his uncertainty and anxiety by a high rate of interest. Accordingly the debtor class found not only that they had to promise to pay all new loans in gold, but that they could not obtain loans so large, or on such easy terms, as before. To be sure, the Sherman Act was giving the country more money all the time, but they got less of it, they had to pay more for it, and they could not get it at all unless they promised to repay it in gold. The wailing and gnashing of teeth began to extend to them, and there ceased to be any chuckling over the cleverness of their dishonest schemes.

But a good many of the creditor class thought that under the circumstances they would rather not lend at all. The English investing class especially, having been made nervous by repeated defaults on the part of foreign debtors, felt indisposed to venture their money in this country. They knew that our Supreme Court had declared constitutional laws making dishonored promissory notes a legal tender for debts, and that many of our Legislatures had undertaken to fix the rates to be charged by railroads, and that was enough for them. They reasoned that if the railroads were allowed to take only certain rates, these rates would be computed in the legal currency, whatever that might be, while their obligations, being to pay gold, would become a heavier charge relatively than at present. The railroads accordingly found that the money to make extensions and improvements was not to be had, and have been desperately put to it to find money to pay for what had been made. The debtor class, therefore, which always discounts the progress of the country, and makes a living only by doing so, found that this progress was arrested in a mysterious way. More money was wanted for internal improvements, and the Sherman Act provided more money, but the money and the improvements seemed to have a repulsion for each other.

As time has gone on the creditor class has become more and more cautious, and the debtor class has been pinched harder and harder. It is true that there is every month more money *per caput* than there was before, but there is less and less of it in the possession of debtors. The debtor class, however, live only by borrowing. They pay one loan out of the proceeds of another. When they cannot get the other, they have to pay their debts out of their property—generally out of property which they have pledged to their creditors. This process is now going on quite actively. We do not know how far it will go, but if it goes much further the debtor class will find that it has no debts, no property, and no money. There will be more money in the country than ever before, but it will be all in the hands of the creditor class, and the debtor class will have nothing to show for the Sherman Act but a certain amount of experience of the truth of the maxim, "Honesty is the best policy."

PROGRESS AS TO THE POST-OFFICES.

THE third month of the Cleveland Administration is now closed, and its policy as to the post-offices appears to be clearly defined. In the case of the more important offices, which are filled by the President's appointment, no changes are made until the expiration of the terms of the present Republican incumbents, save in the comparatively rare cases where they deserve removal by reason of inefficiency or misconduct. The number of such removals has thus far been very small, and nobody anticipates any increase in the future. In other words, the "clean-sweep" rule has been abolished as to these offices.

But the vast majority of postmasters have no fixed term. All of those below the grade of Presidential appointment receive commissions which run indefinitely. Heretofore the rule has been to make general changes in all these fourth-class offices as soon as there was a change of party administration. This was done under Cleveland eight years ago, and under Harrison four years ago. The appointments to these tens of thousands of small post-offices are made by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General, and the rules which he lays down are therefore of the highest importance.

From a number of sources there comes a great mass of information to the same effect—that the Department has adopted the rule that removals from these small offices will not be made except for cause, even when the postmasters have served four years. The Washington correspondent of the Kansas City *Times* describes an interview which a Democratic Congressman from Ohio has had with First Assistant Postmaster-General Maxwell. The Congressman said that he wanted the incumbents dismissed for being Republicans. Mr. Maxwell replied that there were some vacancies in the Congressman's district caused by resignation, and that he would appoint men to fill those vacancies as soon as recommendations were made. The Congressman replied that he would not make any recommendations in such cases, adding:

> "There are two kinds of Republicans in my district. One are manly, and when their party lost they sent in their resignations. The others are a set of sneaks, and when their party loses they still hold on to their places. Your rule offers a premium and a protection to these sneaks. At the same time you ask me to name successors to those who were manly enough to tender their resignations. Well, I won't do it. I'll not be a party to an arrangement which will cut off the heads of decent Republicans, and allow the sneaks to live in official safety."

Congressman Tarsney of Missouri confirms the statement of the Ohio Congressman as to the attitude of the Administration, which he thus sets forth for the information of his constituents:

> "The policy and purpose of the Administration in relation to matters of offices in which our people are interested has been clearly defined, and is, that as to Presidential post-offices, or offices where the salary is over $1,000 a year, and all other general offices, no changes will be made until the expiration of

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the terms of the present incumbents, and the term is to date from the date of the commission, and not from the date of appointment or of entering upon the duties of office. In relation to all other or fourth-class post-offices, it is held that there is no fixed tenure, no date at which they will expire—that the occupants will be permitted to hold during life, unless there should be a removal for cause."

Mr. Tarsney says that he himself asked Mr. Maxwell if, when a fourth-class postmaster had served four years, a new appointment would be made. Mr. Maxwell replied, "No, not unless charges had been preferred and the incumbent removed for cause." Mr. Tarsney suggested that he was prepared to show cause in every case in his district—that he would make an affidavit that to the best of his knowledge and belief all of the incumbents where changes were asked were Republicans. Mr. Maxwell said that this would not be sufficient, and wanted to know if he could not show that they were offensive partisans. Mr. Tarsney replied that he knew of no such offence; that the persons holding these offices, so far as he knew, were conducting them satisfactorily, and that there was no cause for a change except what was political, and that he didn't believe that the charges which Mr. Maxwell invited would be made—that they certainly would not be made by him. Mr. Tarsney called upon Mr. Maxwell again a day or two later, and delivered to him all the applications, letters, and other recommendations in relation to the fourth-class postmaster changes asked, and filed them without any recommendation, stating that he presented the papers for the purpose of showing that there was a unanimous desire on the part of the Democrats of the district to have Democrats appointed to these places, and that when the Post-office Department was ready to act, he would cheerfully be at its service with any personal information he might possess regarding the fitness of applicants. Meanwhile he has engaged passage for Europe early in June, intending to be gone until autumn, making the following explanation of his position regarding the post-offices to his constituents:

"So far as I am concerned, I will neither make nor transmit charges against the present incumbents, unless there be charges of neglect of their official duty or misconduct in the affairs of their offices. And as the rule adopted is liable to remain for some time, there is no chance of any fourth-class postmaster changes being made soon. Those who are applicants for those places I feel are entitled to know the situation, in order that they may be spared the anxiety and trouble to obtain what cannot be obtained."

This is a long step forward. If the Post-office Department will live up to this policy, the spoils system will have received a blow from which it can never recover. No postmaster ought to be turned out except for cause. If he is discharging the duties of his office satisfactorily, there is no ground for charges against him. The Democratic Congressmen who refuse to make charges in such cases are quite right. The more of them that serve notice upon their constituents, like Mr. Tarsney, and go to Europe, the better.

The only argument that was ever made for the "clean sweep" in the small post-offices was the claim that it was necessary in order that the party which had just come into power might retain power at the next Presidential election. This argument has been utterly overthrown by the experience of the last two administrations. Cleveland permitted the sweep in 1885, and was beaten in 1888. Harrison permitted it again in 1889, and was beaten in 1892. Let us have a trial of the opposite policy and see how it works.

THE NAVY DEPARTMENT AND THE NAVAL OFFICERS.

In speaking of Commander Higginson's case last week we mentioned the way in which, when the Department singles out an officer for some kind of punishment or discredit before trial, the newspaper correspondents who hang round the Department and collect its gossip, are let loose on him to hunt him down; he himself being all the while condemned to the most rigid silence. Accordingly, we were not surprised to find the following in the New York *Times*, which makes a specialty of naval news:

THE ATLANTA'S LONG TRIP.

DELAY IN REACHING NICARAGUA UNFORTUNATE FOR COMMANDER HIGGINSON.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The absence of information from the *Atlanta* has caused much comment at the Navy Department. The ship was some days longer in reaching Kingston, Jamaica, than is usual in such cases, and the circumstance encouraged the suspicion that the trip had purposely been delayed in carrying out the alleged impression of inefficiency in the vessel's boilers. Ten days were consumed in making what is generally a five-days' trip.

There may be an explanation of the delay by bad weather or adverse winds. The Department people, in fact, look for some such solution of the mystery. The *Atlanta* left Kingston on the 21st, and should have been at Greytown, Nicaragua, in two days, as the distance is only 610 miles. Nothing has been heard of the ship since she left Kingston, three days ago. Some one ventured the explanation that the ship may be disabled in some manner, although the trouble can hardly be serious. Commander Higginson, in his despatch reporting his arrival at Kingston and date of departure for Greytown, made no mention of disability, so every one is inclined to dismiss the theory that the ship is incapacitated.

It is unfortunate for Commander Higginson just now that there is any such delay, for from this point of view the failure to reach Greytown contributes to the general supposition in the Department that he is deliberately avoiding prompt arrival at his destination. The matter is attracting more attention about the Department than any other subject, and Commander Higginson's explanation is awaited with interest.

Of course there may be many causes to detain a ship which has gone to sea hastily, even if she had not defective boilers; but see how faithfully the old programme is carried out in the case of Commander Higginson. The delay is "unfortunate," not for the Navy Department, or American citizens in Nicaragua, but for Commander Higginson. It causes "much comment at the Navy Department." It has "encouraged the suspicion that the ship has been purposely delayed," or, in plain English, that Commander Higginson is a deceitful rascal. It is true the delay may have been caused "by bad weather or adverse winds." Such obstacles have delayed steamers before now, and "the Department people do look for some such solution of the mystery." But they do not look for it very earnestly. Nor do they entertain very seriously the theory that "the ship may be disabled in some manner," because when Commander Higginson arrived at Kingston, Jamaica, he made no mention of disability, which he ought to have done if he was going to be disabled before he reached Greytown. In fact, every explanation of the dozen or so which might account for the non-arrival of a steamboat is examined and rejected in favor of the explanation that the commanding officer is a villain. The failure to reach Greytown contributes to the general supposition in the Department that he is "*deliberately avoiding prompt arrival at his destination,*" or, the favorite theory is that one of the oldest and most distinguished officers in the service is a dishonorable skulker.

Now we appeal to Secretary Herbert to put a stop peremptorily to this sort of thing or disavow it once for all. If discipline and good order in the navy require officers to refrain from writing to the newspapers, even in their own defence, tenfold more do they require the stern prohibition of this dribble of malignant libel from the Department in the shape of gossip communicated to the newspapers, attacking the character of absent men, and men condemned to silence by the rules of the service. We do not believe the history of any naval service, except that of Turkey, contains such pictures of the character and standing of officers high in command as our Navy Department presents to the world when it tries to secure promptness in obeying orders. If they were correct pictures, they would show American morals and manners in a most odious light. Every American who cares for the fair fame of the country must, in fact, blush when he looks at them. They almost make one laugh at the rejoicings over the speed of the *New York*, the new cruiser; for what is the value of her twenty knots an hour if she may, and probably will, be commanded by a mendacious sneak, quite capable of keeping down her speed to fifteen knots to save himself from punishment for telling lies about the time it took him to coal or about the capacity of his boilers?

In any other walk of life, the word of a man of mature years, distinguished in his own calling, would be taken, primâ facie, without hesitation in explanation of delay or shortcoming on his part in the discharge of a duty in which he had won renown. Observations of his about defects in the machinery of his department would put his superiors or partners on a respectful inquiry. They might come to the conclusion that his own dishonesty was at the bottom of the whole matter, but they

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would not do so until every other solution of the mystery had been attempted and had failed. But in the American Navy the very first key which is tried, and the last to be cast away, is the disposition of its commanding officers to insubordination, falsehood, and fraud! Decent men could not be got to serve under such a system in charge of ocean tramps, and it would excite discontent even among bumboat men. Fancy the Cunard or the White Star Line of passenger steamers giving out to the newspapers every now and then that its captains were a tricky lot who needed close watching, and telling the reporters, when a steamer was behind time, that the probable cause was the knavery of the captain in trying to cover up lies he had been telling at Liverpool about the quality of the coal.

When one reads over Commander Higginson's record in connection with all this gossip, one cannot help feeling that the Navy Department itself needs in its subordinate places a thorough overhauling. It must contain a good deal of moral, if not professional, rubbish to set on foot such persecutions as those of which Commanders Whitehead and Higginson, as well as others, have been the victims. Here is his record from Hamersly:

"Francis J. Higginson—Born in Massachusetts; appointed from Massachusetts September 21, 1857; Naval Academy, 1857-61; attached to steam-frigate *Colorado*, West Gulf Blockading Squadron, 1861-2; capture of rebel privateer *Judith* at Pensacola, Florida, 1861; bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Chalmette batteries, and capture of New Orleans, April, 1862. Commissioned as Lieutenant August 1, 1862; steamer *Vixen*, South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, 1862; steam-sloop *Powhatan*, South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, 1863-1864; bombardment of Fort Sumter; Naval Academy, 1864-5. Commissioned as Lieutenant-Commander, July 25, 1866; steam-sloop *Hartford*, flagship Asiatic Squadron, 1866-8; steam-frigate *Franklin*; flagship European Squadron, 1868-9; *Richmond*, European Fleet, 1870-1. *Shenandoah*, same station, 1872; and *Franklin* (first rate), North Atlantic Station, 1873; commanding rendezvous, Boston, 1874-5; Torpedo Station, 1875; special ordnance duty, 1876-8. Commissioned as Commander, June 10, 1876; commanding *Despatch*, special duty, 1877-8; Light-House Inspector, 1880-2; commanding *Miantonomoh*, 1882-3; commanding *Monocacy*, Asiatic Station, 1883-6; Torpedo Station, 1886-7; commanding receiving ship *New Hampshire*, 1887-90."

Now, how is it, the American public may well ask, that in our navy men can pass through thirty years of such distinguished service as the above, filling, every year or two, new posts of trust and honor requiring the highest qualities of character and skill, and yet remain such arrant sneaks and cowards that they will not hesitate to lie about their ships in port, in order to get a few hours' delay, and will not hesitate, when under pressing orders, to loiter at sea, in order to prevent the lie being found out? Could there be a state of things in any part of the public service calling more imperatively for Congressional investigation? Do we want each ship of our new navy to be a messenger of our shame to all corners of the globe?

THE REAL ISSUE BEFORE PRESBYTERIANS.

We presume that few of our readers retain any interest in the technicalities of the Briggs heresy trial. Only those who snuff the theological battle from afar can have cared to follow the case through all its merely ecclesiastical wandering mazes. Yet the very fact that such heaps of argument have accumulated about it, and that so many questions of procedure and jurisdiction have become involved with it, invites to an attempt to go back of all the technicalities and confusion, and state once more the real broad and unmistakable issue which the Presbyterian Church has to face in the person of Prof. Briggs.

As in many another trial, religious and secular, the merits of the case do not come out clearly in the pleadings. In fact, one might be pardoned for concluding from an inspection of the arguments advanced against Prof. Briggs, as well as from the form of defence which he is compelled to make on the main question, that the whole affair was a strife about words, over which sensible men have no need to bother their heads. For what, in the last analysis, is the sacred doctrine which the Union professor is accused of heresy for denying? Why, that "the original autograph" of the Bible was inerrant and infallible down to its smallest pen-stroke. And what is the opposing figment which he sets up, belief in which will bring a man within the terms of subscription to the Westminster Confession? A Bible which both sides admit to be wrong in some points of science and chronology, which needs to be radically rearranged in many important particulars, but which is absolutely infallible in all matters bearing on "faith and practice."

Now we submit that this is only to pit one unreality against another. It is impossible to affirm or deny anything relating to an "original autograph" which no man ever saw or will see. It is equally impossible to get a clear idea of a book which makes mistakes and yet is infallible. Belief in one or the other does not rest upon argument which can be stated, and precisely for that reason cannot be shaken by argument brought against it. It might be maintained, in the same way, that Dr. Johnson was momentarily cured of scrofula by Queen Anne's touch. The "original-autograph" argument in his case would be that there was an instant when the royal touch expelled the king's-evil. It came back again, it would be admitted, just as errors crept into the earliest known manuscripts of the Bible; but there was a point of time when the original Johnson was cured, and to doubt it would be to question the divine right of kings, which would be a most depraved thing to do. The Briggs view would be that Johnson was not cured physically, to suppose which is absurd, but that he was made perfect in morals and religion. We do not see why these opposing views might not be held with as much reason, and set to fighting each other with as much effect, as the rival theories about the Bible mentioned above.

But the real issue is independent of all these abstractions and fictions. The real question is, whether the Presbyterian Church is afraid of modern scholarship and its results; whether it will prefer tradition to truth, and call off its professors and its ministers from the scientific study of the Bible. When the question is put in this way, it becomes tangible, the issue between Prof. Briggs and his opponents becomes intelligible, and the side towards which the sympathies of enlightened minds will incline no longer doubtful. There is now a body of ascertained fact in regard to the Bible and its natural history which simply makes a new thing of that sphere of knowledge. No one who has had a glimpse of the new way of looking at the documents of the Bible, and at Jewish history, can doubt that it is truer and better than the old, or think of going back to the old any more than he could think of going back to Roman history as it existed before Niebuhr. The results have been reached by methods of inquiry which are beyond challenge, and are supported by a consensus of scholarship simply overwhelming.

Now it is this modern, scientific way of reading the Bible for advocating which Prof. Briggs is on trial. There is nothing novel in his views. He merely holds what the most distinguished scholars in his department the world over have long held. He happens to be the first prominent Presbyterian in this country to accept the views which have been commonplace in Germany and Holland for a generation. So that in singling him out for condemnation the Presbyterian Church is condemning the finest modern scholarship. It is repudiating investigation, which is of the essence of modern civilization, and is the main thing that, as Jannet has said, differentiates it from the civilization of China. It is practically abandoning its historic position in favor of an educated clergy.

No amount of fine words or of theological dexterity can obscure this plain issue. Whether the views of Prof. Briggs can be lawfully held under the terms of the Presbyterian creed, we do not know or greatly care. What we do know is, that the common sense of men will see in the condemnation of Prof. Briggs a confession that the Presbyterian Church is afraid of the light. Presbyterian students and ministers will understand by it that they may study the Bible if they choose, but that they must take mighty good care not to find out anything new about it. Already there are signs that leaders in the denomination are aware what they are coming to, and are ready to admit that education may be overdone. One of them recently wrote that he was losing faith in education as a means of strengthening religion, saying that out of every five men

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educated by the missionaries in India four turned out opponents of Christianity. Nor can any "Appeal for Peace and Work," such as was put out last winter by a large number of excellent Presbyterian clergymen, divert the minds of men from the great questions of fact involved in this controversy. The sufficient answer to all that is given by Beyschlag in his recent 'Neutestamentliche Theologie': "No stress laid on practical Christianity, however well-meant and warranted it may be, will help us, unless, with the conscientious earnestness which should be our Protestant heritage, we seek to ascertain whether the convictions on which it rests are really grounded on the truth."

RACING WEEK AT CHESTER.

CHESTER, May 10, 1893.

WE are in one of the oldest and oddest of English towns—in fact, the Nuremberg of England, where Americans go to wonder at the survival of walls that have resisted Welsh, mediæval, and Roundhead attacks, towers that have witnessed a battle on a neighboring moor, courts narrower than the wynds of Edinburgh, though not so unwholesome-looking, raised colonnades to be found nowhere else, a rule of the road ("Keep to the right") which reverses the usual English practice, overhanging houses timbered outside a century or two old in every street, and all this side by side with gaslights and tram-cars, concrete pavements, and pneumatic-tired bicycles. The contrast is sharp; but now that railways and hotels defile the summits of so many mountains, now that the top even of Mt. Blanc is threatened with a house and electric lights are penetrating the desert, the traveller gets the power of shutting his eyes to such incongruities.

I fancy that Chester is a little more modern than when I saw it a decade and a half ago. The change was inevitable. The demands of modern life and commerce cannot be resisted. Besides, the friable red sandstone slowly melts away even in the mild English climate, and the vibration of the railway trains has cracked a long section of the wall and shaken down one of the largest of the towers, Pemberton's Parlour. The Cestrians have had the good taste to keep as many as possible of their ancient buildings, to make their restorations in strict imitation of the old work, and often to construct their new buildings in the same style; but somehow the freshness of the new casts a suspicion over the old: the prettiness or the quaintness of the outlines may be the same, but the flavor of age is gone. An American in England is apt to be more interested in an old pig-stye than in a new palace, and when one has to look every time to see whether the floors are straight or have sagged, whether the oak is fresh or scarred and cracked, whether the roof is even or delightfully curved out of shape, admiration is chilled by suspicion, sight-seeing loses its charm, and, though the eye before long gets trained to distinguish quickly, the flutter of pleasure is gone for ever.

Chester is a lively city. It is so small that the shops are closely packed in the four streets coming together at Chester Cross, and the streets are full of mildly bustling people. A bit of color is now and then supplied by the scarlet uniform of the Twenty-second Regiment, which has a successful recruiting post in the Castle. We were amused by a glimpse of the officers' character from an unusual point of view, that of a lodging-house keeper:

"The universal charge for cleaning boots throughout England," we were told, "is a penny a pair. We never charged anything till Col. Blank lodged with us three weeks, and in that time gave us 70 pairs to brush. That was too much. Oh, they are so mean. Capt. So-and-So's wife used to ring to have her shoes brushed four times a day, till I told her it would be a penny a pair, and then she did not have hers cleaned for a fortnight. They try to put upon you in every way. They have the soldiers as their slaves and think we ought to be slaves, too."

The soft English voice and the tone of amusement rather than indignation inspired confidence in the story, though one might hope that its subjects were not fair specimens of the army.

This week Chester does not need the regiment to give it life. For three days the races on the celebrated Roodee, asserted by the Cestrians to be the oldest race-course in England, fill the town with strangers, so that before and after the races not London streets themselves are more crowded than Eastgate and Foregate, and Watergate, and Bridge Street. They bring with them all the delights of a fair—Punch and Judy, the performing birds, the boxing cats, the hoodwinked monkey, weight tests and swings and merry-go-rounds. The street cries for the time are novel and unintelligible. Something which we supposed to be "Great Scott" we have discovered to be "race card." "Sporting Chroni*kél*" is plainer. The rest we have not yet interpreted. Indeed, "English as she is spoke" in Chester is a foreign language to an American, and might puzzle even a Londoner. A native Cestrian confessed that she could not understand the dialect of a man from the next county, Yorkshire.

At the races is an unmannerly but not a disorderly crowd. Except for the shouts of the showmen and bookmakers, there would be little noise. Though there is much drinking, there is no drunkenness. Gambling is the popular vice. Not only is the green meadow made gay with the red, yellow, or blue signs and flags of more than a hundred bookmakers, who shout themselves hoarse and seem to do a thriving business, but dice, and cards, and roulette, and a dozen others of the devices by which the smart rogue gets the money of the slower-witted farmer or navvy, meet one at every turn. But thimble-rig is obsolete or banished. Carefully did the rector of St. Mary's caution his parish last Sunday against the vices of this week; but risking one's money on games of chance is evidently not considered a vice here. From the penny which the yokel throws on the rude roulette table to the £100 bets of the Captain and the £1,000 of the lord, all are winning or losing to-day. Nor is Chester a teetotal town. In the main street in 145 numbers I counted five restaurants, eleven hotels, and ten wine vaults—or one place where alcoholic drinks can be got to every five other shops. No wonder that the Salvation Army sent a detachment here to occupy the town during race week. C. R.

ARTHUR YOUNG IN IRELAND.

LONDON, May 12, 1893.

SOME weeks ago, I visited Harrow and sat for a while on the hill near where Byron mused away so many hours. The prospect is little changed since his time, except that a larger and denser cloud now rests over distant London. Yet, I pondered, how different must be the wandering day-dreams of the modern Harrow schoolboy from those of Byron and his companions a century ago. The distant seas have been traversed, the continents explored, the then unknown coral islands discussed in many a treatise; in Boyle O'Reilly's beautiful lines, "the vales and the sunny meadows, where a poet might ride for a year and a day," have "been charted," "the depths have been sounded," "the shadows pierced." Less and less is left us to investigate even in the world of thought. As one after another the literatures of other lands are revealed to us, we for a time grasp, or imagine that we grasp, fresh ideas which too soon become absorbed in the hard-ascertained facts and impressions of life. Travelling abroad, we can no longer hope to interest those at home by descriptions of places or by the information not already better presented to them in gazetteers, guide-books, and statistical works.

Arthur Young (1741–1820), an English agriculturist, son of a Suffolk rector, lived at the time when it was still possible for an observant man to saddle his horse, and, with a valise strapped on behind and a pair of pistols in his holsters, to sally forth and find something worth recording for his friends and neighbors in the manners and customs of the next shire. After 'A Six Weeks' Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales' (1768), 'A Six Months' Tour through the North of England' (1770), and 'A Farmer's Tour through the East of England' (1771), Arthur Young passed over in 1776 to Ireland, where he spent portions of four years, and embodied his observations in a work published in 1780, which has ever since been a text-book for students of Irish history and politics. "With a view of ascertaining the cultivation, resources, and national prosperity of the Kingdom of France," he travelled there in 1787, 1788, and 1789, and, with added accounts of his wanderings in Spain and Italy, he published his experiences and conclusions in 1792. These were only a few of his writings, a full list of which occupies twenty pages of a bibliology added to a complete edition of his Irish tour, lately edited by Mr. Arthur W. Hutton.* Young's miscellaneous writings ranged over a wide field, from 'Hogs and their Management' to 'The Theatre of the Present War in North America' (1758), and 'France a Warning to Britain' (1793). For his earliest publications he had the benefit of Dr. Johnson's criticisms. His latest essays were penned when Scott's fame was at its zenith. Much that he wrote was translated into French and German. He was an ardent disciple of Adam Smith, and on most politico-economic questions was a generation in advance of his time. His 'Travels in Ireland' remains the best and truest source of information regarding the condition of that country a century ago. As Dr. Ingram's article in the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is the fullest notice of his life, so is Mr. Hutton's the completest and most useful edition of his 'Ireland' that has yet appeared. The preface says:

"The edition that is now introduced to the reader is the first reprint of the whole work that has appeared since 1780; and further, in an appendix to the second part, will be found all that Young wrote on Ireland subsequently to the year 1780; so that in these two volumes is contained, without the abridgment of a single sentence, or the omission of any item of the statistics, everything that this careful and honest observer put on record concerning the sister island."

*'Arthur Young's Tour in Ireland (1776–1779),' edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Arthur W. Hutton; with a Bibliology by John P. Anderson. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, xviii, 470, 401. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1892.

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This edition is made easier of reference by being divided into chapters, by the narrative being carried on in large, while the statistics and minor remarks are printed in small, type, and by the addition of an index, not, however, altogether as full as might be desired. The map in the first volume shows that Young not only circled the island, but made many cross tours, and often retraced his steps. For some months in 1777 he acted as land steward to Lord Kingsborough at Mitchelstown. The volumes abound in elaborate accounts and details as to manures, cropping, cost of living, and the general condition of the country, its manufactures and its trade with Great Britain. Young, moreover, had a keen eye for the beauties of nature. His characteristics as an author are thus vigorously touched off by the editor:

"There is a certain distinction about his writings, and there are to be detected flashes of humor and the pulsations of a great human heart, which serve to make all that he wrote extremely pleasant and instructive reading. Young has often been described as a very prejudiced man, but surely his freedom from prejudices of the ordinary kind is remarkable. He was prejudiced against small farms, against industrial villages, and against tea-drinking; but in his readiness to see and describe things as they really were, and not as he would have wished them to be, his freedom from prejudice was really remarkable; and Miss Edgeworth was doubtless right when she described his book on Ireland as the first faithful portrait of its inhabitants. . . . Most of us have, indeed, something to learn from his broad and kindly treatment of social and religious questions; yet there is occasionally a touch of contempt in his grand-seigneur way when speaking of 'the poor' that is hardly less painful."

He realized the miserable condition of the Irish masses. The sketch of one of their "cabbins," prefixed to the second volume, gives an impression of greater abjectness than do the plates in the voyages of Capt. Cook illustrating the condition of the savages discovered by him at about the same period. Ireland was, when Young wrote, really nearer to primitive barbarism, complicated by centuries of neglect and oppression, than it was to the civilization of to-day. The charcoal-smelting furnaces, kindled in Petty's time to consume the forests that covered the island, were not yet extinguished. Only three generations led back to the period when the inhabitants were, with the wolves, regarded as cumberers of the soil—an idea not yet altogether eradicated from the minds of many writers and land-owners. The Cromwellian and Jacobite confiscations were incidents of recent memory. Nineteen-twentieths of the kingdom had passed from Catholics to Protestants. The old language was still spoken by the majority of the population. The lineal descendants of once powerful families were scattered over the kingdom, working as cottars for the great-grandsons of the original adventurers from England. Young remarks:

"So entire an overthrow and change of landed possession is, within the period, to be found in scarce any other country in the world. In such great revolutions of property the ruined proprietors have usually been extirpated or banished; but in Ireland the case was otherwise: families were so numerous and so united in clans that the heir of an estate was always known, and it is a fact that in most parts of the kingdom the descendants of the old land-owners regularly transmit by testamentary deed the memorial of their rights to those estates which once belonged to their families."

These definite memories of old rights and old wrongs were partly blotted out in the cataclysm of the famines and clearances that swept over the country seventy years after Young's time. But if many still survive in all their bitterness, we have only to reflect that little over two generations of recollections separate that period from the present.

"At Conell's, near Castlerea," says our author, "lives O'Connor, the direct descendant of Roderick O'Connor, who was King of Connaught. . . . The possessions, formerly so great, are reduced to £300 or £400 a year, the family having fared in the revolutions of so many ages much worse than the O'Neills and O'Briens. The common people pay him the greatest respect, and send him presents of cattle, etc., upon various occasions. They consider him as the prince of a people involved in one common ruin. . . . Another great family in Connaught is Macdermot, who calls himself Prince of Coolavin; he lives at Coolavin in Sligo, and though he has not above £100 a year, will not admit his children to sit down in his presence. . . . Lord Kingsborough, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Sandford, etc., came to see him, and his address was curious; 'O'Hara, you are welcome; Sandford, I am glad to see your mother's son [his mother was an O'Brien]; as to the rest of ye, come in as ye can."

It would be easy to fill pages with interesting extracts from these volumes. In the unfeeling savage treatment of the people by the gentry, described at p. 54, vol. ii., we have a key to the fierce retaliation of the people on the gentry twenty years later:

"A landlord in Ireland can scarcely invent an order which a servant, laborer, or cottar dares to refuse to execute. Nothing satisfies him but an unlimited submission. Disrespect or anything tending towards sauciness he may punish with his cane or his horsewhip with the most perfect security; a poor man would have his bones broke if he offered to lift his hand in his own defence. . . . Where manners are in conspiracy against law, to whom are the oppressed people to have recourse? It is a fact that a poor man having a contest with a gentleman must—but I am talking nonsense; they know their situation too well to think of it."

Even Arthur Young was blind to the inevitableness of an agrarian revolution in Ireland, following the steady rise of rents on the improvements made by the people, unchecked (as such a tendency was in England) by an effective public opinion. The rental of Ireland, doubled perhaps within the previous half century, then stood at £6,000,000 per annum. "Raising rents," one of his principal informants considered (and our author does not dissent from the proposition), "is one of the greatest causes of the improvement of Ireland; he has found that, upon his own estates, it has universally quickened their [the tenants'] industry, set them to searching for manures, and made them in every respect better farmers." Even allowing for the reductions made consequent on the Land League agitation, the rental is now double what it was in Young's time—a value, if capitalized, of fully £150,000,000 added to the property of the landlords through the untiring toil of their tenants.

There was much that was still primitive in the condition of the people. Sledge cars, without wheels, were used in many portions of the country. The *improved* wooden ploughs and carts with block wooden wheels of that time had not entirely gone out of use within my memory. I wish I had space for some of Young's statistics concerning the household expenses of the people. At p. 456, vol. i., the total income of a cottar family with two cows and an acre and a half of land is set down as £15 12s. 6d. It would be interesting to compare the particulars of this expenditure with those given in the last report of the Congested Districts Board of the budgets of cottar families now dragging out an existence in the west of Ireland, some, "in ordinary circumstances," on £32 14s. 4d. a year, others, in "very poor circumstances," on £21 16s. 0d., and many, in the "poorest possible circumstances," on £14 3s. 0d., which sums, of course, represent much less in proportion than £15 12s. 6d. did one hundred years ago.

Regarding union with Great Britain, the perspicacity of our author is apparent. He pointed out the desirability of union in respect of trade, military establishments, and affairs common to the two countries, while exclusively Irish business might still be transacted in Ireland. "The Government of England [in Ireland] would necessarily be revered by all ranks of people. The Parliament of the Kingdom [Ireland] would still retain both importance and business. . . . Perhaps the advantages of a union would be enjoyed without any of its inconveniences." Well had it been for Ireland if her patriots and statesmen had been as clear-headed and far-seeing as this occasional visitor, and had recognized the desirability of such union in mutual concerns. Well had it been for Great Britain if the British statesmen who, twenty years later, forced a union had left to Ireland the management of her domestic affairs. Young's observations and statistics regarding the establishment of the linen industry in the North and the legalized destruction of other industries elsewhere in Ireland are especially interesting at present, when the causes of the different condition of trades and manufactures in different portions of the island are so hotly discussed.

Since our author's time Ireland has progressed much, mainly owing to the exertions of the masses, under almost insuperable difficulties interposed by the institutions of the country. The publication of these volumes is opportune. No wholesomer reading could there be, whether for patriots inclined to look back too fondly to what was in truth a miserable past, or for opponents who hold that the inherent characteristics of the Irish prevent their advancement on lines parallel to those of other civilized peoples.

D. B.

CHAPTAL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON.

PARIS, May 11, 1893.

THERE is a curious recrudescence in the publication of works relating to Napoleon, and in the interest shown in the character of the man, who, even at a short distance in time, is enveloped in a sort of legend. Our historical school has become very positivist, and wants documents. These documents come out, one by one, from the recesses of families. The latest, which is before me, is called 'Mes Souvenirs sur Napoléon.' It is by Count Chaptal, and is published by his great-grandson, Viscount Chaptal, Secretary of Legation. Many people do not know who Chaptal was; his name is familiar only to men of science, as he belonged to the group of savants who, under the guidance of Lavoisier, founded modern chemistry. Chaptal was born at Nojaret, in the Department of the Lozère (his province was called the Gévaudan and touched the Cévennes), on June 3, 1736. He tells us himself that he was a brilliant student, and was educated for the profession of medicine at Montpellier. He married young a rich wife, and his fortune allowed him the liberty of pursuing his scientific studies. He turned these, however, immediately to practical uses, as he had an eminently practical mind, and built a great chemical manufactory near Montpellier.

The Revolution disturbed him in his occupa-

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tions. He became one of the chiefs of the federalist movement in the South, a sort of resistance against the tyranny of the Convention; the movement was unsuccessful, and he had to hide for a while in the Cévennes. Science really saved his life. The Convention needed powder, and Carnot, in the name of the Committee of Public Safety, summoned Chaptal to Paris, and commissioned him to manufacture saltpetre and powder. He applied new methods to this fabrication, and succeeded in furnishing the French armies with all the powder they required. He was made professor at the new Polytechnic School, and, with his usual modesty, he says: "My lectures had a prodigious success." He became also a member of the Academy of Science. After the 18th Brumaire he was chosen by Bonaparte to be a member of the Council of State. Nearly every evening the Councillors had a conference with the First Consul, and the discussions and deliberations lasted sometimes till four o'clock in the morning.

France had become a *tabula rasa*, and everything had to be reorganized. Chaptal was chiefly concerned with two very important questions: the first was the law on the general administration of the country; the second was the law on the organization of public instruction. The administrative law is, so to speak, the backbone of France; it instituted the prefects, the sub-prefects, the prefecture councils, the councils-general, the arrondissement councils, the mayoralties, the municipal councils; it fixed and limited the attributions of each one of these powers, the geographical distribution of the administrative unities. It has survived all our revolutions, and is now, under the Third Republic, what it was under the First and the Second Empires. We cannot conceive of France otherwise than as centralized; the genius of the country is entirely opposed to federalism. Napoleon understood this centralization, and saw in it at once the means of establishing his power on a permanent basis.

"Still young," says Chaptal, "and little versed in the various parts of the administration, he brought to the discussion a clearness, a precision, a force of reason, and a largeness of views which astonished us. Indefatigable in work, inexhaustible in resources, he coördinated, with unexampled sagacity, all facts and opinions in a great system of administration. More zealous to learn than to affect a knowledge which his military studies and his age had not allowed him to acquire, he often asked the definition of words, or put questions as to what existed before his Government. . . . Working as much as twenty hours a day, he never seemed to have his mind tired or his body exhausted."

Ten months after he had entered the Council of State, Chaptal was made Minister of the Interior. As such, he devised great schemes for the embellishment of Paris. He had a good, clear, scientific head, and he went to work in his department with much zeal. We may believe him when he says: "I gave myself up to my work with a zeal and a courage which did not flag for a single moment." He was a true "Méridional," and did not know what it was to feel timidity or shyness. He was always contented with himself. He certainly did a very good work during his four years at the Home Office; he resigned his post in 1804, and gave himself completely up to his scientific studies. The Emperor made him a Senator.

What was the true reason of Chaptal's resignation? We should have been ignorant if the editor had not told us. I am sorry to say that it was very petty. There were relations between Chaptal and an actress of the French Theatre, Mlle. Bourgoin. Napoleon took a fancy to this lady, and "we know," says the editor, "that Napoleon, when he wished to satisfy one of his fancies, never hesitated to hurt even the persons whom he cared most for. Mlle. Bourgoin was distinguished by the Emperor, and my great-grandfather was offended by it." He adds in a note that the rupture took place in this way: "Napoleon was one evening working with his Minister when the arrival of Mlle. Bourgoin was announced to him. The Emperor sent word for her to wait. It was a *coup de théâtre* which he had prepared. Chaptal put his papers in his portfolio and went away abruptly. The same night he wrote his letter of resignation."

In 1807, Chaptal had bought Chanteloup, the famous château where Choiseul lived when he was exiled from court; he had become the Comte de Chanteloup. In 1814, when France was invaded, Napoleon made him Extraordinary Commissioner for the Defence in the South; during the Hundred Days, he was made Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. This did not prevent Louis XVIII. from making him a member of the new House of Peers in 1818. He remained there after the Revolution of 1830. He was not a political man or partisan: he was indifferent to the form of government. He held that politics ought to be experimental, and that the true value of a Government is to be found in the services which it renders to the community. Chaptal applies the same ideas to his judgments on Napoleon. In some traits their natures could harmonize; in others, they were completely foreign to each other. Chaptal pretends to give us an impartial and accurate portrait of Napoleon; he means to be just, but he is incomplete. The Italian nature of Napoleon was compounded of precision and of imagination; the latter element was not understood by Chaptal. What seemed monstrous to him was the effect of that imagination which played with facts, fortune, empires, armies, as with the creatures of fancy. A calculating spirit combines very well in the Italian character with an extraordinary contempt for realities and with unreasonable ambition. Even in our present time we can see proofs of it. If Chaptal were still alive, he would suppose that the House of Savoy, having made a united Italy, having no more to fear from the *forestieri*, having made Rome its capital, might rest and be thankful. No, it cannot be contented; it has entered into the Triple Alliance, and, tormented by its ambition, it keeps its old war cry: "Avanti Savoia."

There was much of that spirit in Napoleon; he had succeeded in organizing France, but he felt that his only hold on Europe was force. He said to Chaptal several times:

"Five or six families occupy the thrones of Europe and see with pain that a Corsican has come to sit among them. I can maintain myself only by force; I can accustom them to look upon me as their equal only by keeping them down—my empire is gone as soon as I cease to be dreaded. I can allow nobody to threaten me without striking him. What would be indifferent to a king of an older race is serious for me. I will maintain myself in this attitude as long as I live, and if my son is not a great captain, if he does not repeat me, he will fall from the throne, as more than one man is necessary to consolidate a monarchy. Louis XIV., after so many victories, would have lost his sceptre at the end of his life if he had not received it from a long line of kings.

"At home, my position is not comparable to that of the old sovereigns. They can live at leisure in their castles; nobody contests their legitimate rights, nobody thinks of taking their place, nobody accuses them of ingratitude, because nobody helped to place them on their throne. With me it is quite different: there is no general who does not think that he has the same rights to the throne as myself; there is no influential man who does not think that he paved the way for me on the 18th Brumaire. I am obliged to be very severe with these men. . . . They do not love me, but they fear me, and that is enough."

These words throw a flood of light on many of Napoleon's actions. Nothing has struck me so much in these Souvenirs of Chaptal as the account he gives of the relations of Napoleon with his marshals:

"Napoleon," says Chaptal, "was always on his guard against the ambition of his generals. . . . With the exception of two or three who had known him in his youth, and who had maintained a certain freedom with him, they approached him with trembling, and they could not say that they ever had a moment of familiarity with him. He loaded them with money, he gave them estates in the conquered countries, because he wished to create opulent houses in his court. . . . I never caught the Emperor eulogizing any general, and I often heard him criticise them sharply, sometimes for their want of talent, sometimes for their bad conduct. He often said, in speaking of his marshals: 'These people think themselves necessary; they don't know that I have a hundred division generals who can very well replace them.' He never tolerated the smallest infraction of discipline in his generals. General Gouvion St.-Cyr once presented himself at his levee at the Tuileries. The Emperor asked him calmly: 'General, you come from Naples?' 'Yes, sire; I have turned over the command to General Pérignon, whom you sent to replace me.' 'You have undoubtedly received the permission of the Minister of War?' 'No, sire; but I had nothing more to do at Naples.' 'If in two hours you are not on your way to Naples, before twelve o'clock you will be shot on the plain of Grenelle.'"

Berthier and Duroc, the only generals who lived on terms of intimacy with him and never left him, were completely submissive, and never thought of discussing with him.

Chaptal is interesting on the subject of the relations of Napoleon with the Pope. He says that this question was the sore point with the Emperor. He could not frighten the Pope; he made him a prisoner; his eloquence, his threats, his diplomacy were defeated by the tenacity of a man who was an Italian, like himself, and who well understood the strength of his spiritual force. His quarrel with the Pope occupied Napoleon for several years. Napoleon was not devout, but he spoke of religion with respect; he believed that a people cannot do without a religion. He often said that the Emperor of Russia had this great advantage over him, that he could command the consciences of his subjects. "I," said he, "cannot arrive at this height of power; at any rate, I must not eliminate the conscience of my subjects. I must give them their full rights in the matter of religion." In speaking thus, he scandalized many of his high functionaries, who, like Chaptal, were unbelievers of the old school of the eighteenth century.

Correspondence.

SEX IN MATHEMATICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of May 18 you say: "A few brief statistics, from an English women's college continue to let daylight through the threadbare superstition about the non-mathematical structure of the feminine mind," etc. Now, I beg leave to say that the facts and arguments so often given by the *Nation* concerning women's capacity for scientific work,

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notably mathematical, seem to me sorely wanting in conclusiveness as regards the main question. No one doubts that there are women, and in goodly number, too, capable of scientific work and, perhaps, of original research. To show this, one need but mention such names as Hypatia, or Mrs. Somerville, or Miss Herschel, or Prof. Sophie Kovalewski. And as there is no doubt that, when colleges and universities are freely opened to women, the best talent among them will improve the opportunity, we may well expect some brilliant results. But does this show anything approaching equality with men? If the King of Dahomey keeps an army of brave savage women-soldiers, does this prove that women will make about as good soldiers as men will? Or, if there are negro women who can carry on their backs enormous burdens, does this show that women are about equal to men in bodily strength?

If we wish to come nearer to the truth as regards women's qualifications in matters of science, we must have recourse to statistical methods. As a first step in this direction, great numbers of teachers in high schools and academies who have young people of both sexes in their classes might be asked. Colleges in general would give results rather too favorable to women, for the reason that, broadly speaking, the young women in the colleges will stand higher above the average young woman than does the young man of the college above the average young man. The reason is not far to seek. Young men of capacity are attracted by the most diverse pursuits—business, manufactures, etc.—whereas, thus far, young women of capacity are not driven or led that way.

There is a movement on foot in Germany to admit women to the universities upon the same conditions as men. If this plan is carried out, great will be the astonishment throughout the Fatherland at what the women will accomplish. Again the reason is obvious. Women in Germany have as yet next to no chance in matters intellectual; but if gymnasia and universities be opened to them, all the first-class talent among women will be quick to improve the opportunity, whereas among men the army absorbs an enormous portion of the best talent of the country; part also is claimed by business, the arts, etc., leaving a portion only to the universities. Would it not be a fine thing if for a while women should appear the better gifted half of the human race?

Respectfully, WERNER A. STILLÉ.

ST. LOUIS, May 23, 1893.

WEBSTER'S BUNKER HILL ORATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of March 30 (p. 235) you gird at the editor of 'Select Orations of Daniel Webster' because he explains the following passage in Webster's address at Bunker Hill on June 17, 1825, as referring to the first settlement of Maryland: "Nor will our brethren in another early and ancient colony forget the place of its first establishment till their river shall cease to flow by it." An edition of Mr. Webster's works, edited by Edward Everett, was published in the lifetime of Mr. Webster, and the publication had the benefit of his personal supervision. By consulting that edition (vol. i., p. 60) you will find that the passage above quoted, which you say refers to the first settlement of Virginia, is there explained in a note as referring to the first settlement of Maryland. C. W. LEWIS.

BOSTON, May 24, 1893.

[We are always happy to make all needful corrections, and, having examined the passage to which our correspondent refers, we recognize the fact that Mr. George has cribbed his note, as he has cribbed other notes, from Mr. Everett. But the question remains, Is it not more likely that Mr. Everett should have made a blunder, and that Webster, in the last year of his busy life, should have failed to notice it, than that the great orator should have made a recondite allusion to the river that flows by Saint Mary's—"the River on the North side of the Patomeck river within 4 or 5 leagues from the mouth thereof which they called Saint Georges River"—not really a river, but an estuary? The Potomac cannot be said to flow by Saint Mary's as the sea is said to wash the shore of Plymouth, nor could the Maryland colony claim the Potomac as "their river" in the sense in which the James is Virginia's river. The Potomac is still as much in dispute as was the Rhine with Arndt on one side and De Musset on the other. And, moreover, the careful use of the words "first establishment," not "first settlement," will apply to Virginia as well as to Maryland. Roanoke Island does not count for the one nor Kent Island for the other, so that until one rises from the dead to tell us what Webster meant sixty-eight years ago, we shall still think the obvious interpretation defensible.—ED. NATION.]

EARLY ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two errors pertaining to the history of English lexicography reappear in the *Dial* for May 16, 1893. They occur in a brief description of the exhibit of the Century Company at the Columbian Exposition. The *Dial* says:

"One of the largest cases is devoted to an exhibit of 'how a dictionary is made.' Beginning with a copy of the very earliest English dictionary, Bullokar's 'English Expositor,' printed in London in 1616, a half-dozen of the important dictionaries of the past are shown. . . . The exhibit includes a copy of the edition of Bailey's which was the first to include cuts, or 'engraven schemes,' as they are called on the title-page" (pp. 320–1).

I have not seen the exhibit of the Century Company, and do not know whether the mistakes in the passages quoted are a part of that exhibit. Apparently the exhibitor or the editor has followed too closely Mr. Henry B. Wheatley's valuable 'Chronological Notices of the Dictionaries of the English Language,' printed in Part II. of the 'Transactions of the Philological Society' (England) in 1865. Mr. Wheatley says:

"The honor of being the author of the first English Dictionary is therefore due to . . . John Bullokar, who in 1616 published his 'Expositor' of hard words."

But subsequently Mr. Wheatley himself, in a contribution to *Notes and Queries* (6th Series, vol. iii., p. 269), mentioned an earlier work of the same class, dated 1604, viz., Robert Cawdrey's 'A Table Alphabeticall.' It is a small octavo in the Bodleian Library. The title-page (given by Mr. Wheatley) shows that this book was made for about the same purpose as the 'Expositor.'

Various bilingual dictionaries have sometimes been spoken of as early English dictionaries, but they are not usually so classed, and are not considered here.

The error in regard to the earliest use of cuts for the illustration of definitions may be an error of suggestion rather than of allegation. There seems to be no special reason, however, for exhibiting or mentioning "a copy of the edition of Bailey's which was the first to include cuts," unless the book is regarded as the first English dictionary containing cuts. Mr. Wheatley, in speaking (Transactions, p. 245) of one of Bailey's supplementary volumes, says: "This was the first English dictionary illustrated with woodcuts." But the well-known 'Glossographia Anglicana Nova,' an English dictionary of hard words published anonymously in 1707, contains woodcuts, illustrating for the most part words belonging to heraldry. Unless this volume or an earlier one has been identified as a pioneer work by Bailey, which is unlikely, Bailey cannot be credited with the earliest use of cuts in English lexicography.

I should be very sorry if anything in this letter should be taken to be disparagement of Mr. Wheatley's laborious and very valuable 'Chronological Notices.' It is, however, unsafe to say (as Mr. Wheatley himself has shown) that any known dictionary is the earliest English dictionary, and it is also unsafe to say that any known dictionary "was the first to include cuts." Refutation of either of these assertions may turn up in some library or bookstall any day. R. O. W.

NEW HAVEN, CT., May 25, 1893.

Notes.

GINN & Co., Boston, have arranged with Alphonse Daudet for a text-book composed of selections from his works, including one new piece expressly written for it. It will be annotated by Prof. Frank W. Freeborn. The same firm will publish, in September, Tacitus's 'Dialogus de Oratoribus,' edited by Alfred Gudeman of Johns Hopkins. This has never before been done in English.

Albert, Scott & Co., Chicago, have nearly ready a reprint of Madison's Journal of the Constitutional Convention, with an index.

The *Open Court* Publishing Co., Chicago, intends to reproduce its list bi-monthly in a serial form, under the title "The Religion of Science Library." The works of Paul Carus, Max Müller, Th. Ribot, Alfred Binet, and others will figure here.

"Stories from *Scribner*" is the title given to six pocket volumes made up from the shorter tales in that magazine in past years. 'Stories of New York' and 'Stories of the Railway' are already issued, and are very taking in their tasteful typography, with illustrations not overdone. To come are Stories of the South—of the Sea—of Italy—of the Army. Summer readers will not overlook them.

'Jane Eyre,' in two volumes, leads off the reprint of the works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë in twelve volumes undertaken by J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Macmillan). The London firm has won a reputation for elegant bookmaking which this new series certainly maintains. The proportion of the page and the size of the type have been well studied. The etched illustrations, if not much as art, are decorative. The pinkish cloth covers have an old-fashioned lettering and ornament appropriate to the contents. The volumes are handy in size and without any editorial apparatus.

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The Tennysonian reprint, 'Poems, by Two Brothers,' with a facsimile of the title-page of 1827, and with initials marking the divided authorship according to the best indications, is issued by Macmillan. Four poems have been identified as his own by Frederick Tennyson, whose participation was not acknowledged in the title. Four other poems, all ascribed to Alfred, were for some reason omitted from publication with the rest of the MS., and now see the light for the first time, but are chiefly curiosities. The volume closes with the prize poem, "Timbuctoo," in which the future poet-laureate may not have been discerned at the time, but is now visible.

From Charles Scribner's Sons we receive a painstaking edition in two plump volumes of the 'Poetical Works of John Gay' (London: Lawrence & Bullen). Fine print was necessary in the case of so prolific a writer as the author of "The Beggar's Opera" (of which, by the way, we have here the songs, as from the other plays), but the text is very legible. It has been competently edited by Mr. John Underhill, who furnishes a full memoir of Gay, with a chronological table, notes, etc. The volumes are prettily bound and stamped.

Parts 9 to 12 of 'Famous Composers and their Works' (Boston: J. B. Millet Co.; New York: Henry T. Thomas) range from Mendelssohn, by John S. Dwight, to Wagner. Dr. Louis Kelterborn treats of Schumann, Robert Franz, Brahms, and Rheinberger; W. J. Henderson of Raff and Goldmark; Henry T. Finck of Johann Strauss; and Louis C. Elson of Max Bruch. Meyerbeer falls to Arthur Pougin. There is the usual abundance of portraits, autographic facsimiles, views, etc., and selections from the compositions of the several musicians. Noticeable are the pictures of Robert Franz's sensitive face, and, under Schumann, the caricature of the imaginary Kreisler from whom that artist's title of "Kreisleriana" was derived. Wagner's latest homes—the Villa Triebschen, on Lake Lucerne; Wahnfried, at Bayreuth; and the Palazzo Vendramin, on the Grand Canal, Venice—are among the series of illustrations accompanying the unfinished article upon him.

Whether or not it is important that this country should agree upon a floral emblem, much may doubtless be said for maize, which, as compared with golden-rod, for example, has a vast superiority on formal grounds. Mrs. Candace Wheeler has, as an advocate of this truly national plant, made a little book—"a garland of tributes, in prose and verse"—called 'Columbia's Emblem: Indian Corn' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Her prose ranges from Capt. John Smith to Frank Cushing; and her poetry from Longfellow to Edna Dean Proctor, without by any means exhausting her resources. The illustrations show some of the sculpturesque quality of the maize and some of the aboriginal mythology in connection with it.

Dr. Alexander Peddie's address on Dr. John Brown, read before the Harveian Society in 1890, has been expanded by him into 'Recollections of Dr. John Brown' (Scribners). There is no great substance to the volume, a good part of which is made up of the published writings of Brown himself and several of his eulogists, but it serves to call up again and strengthen the impression of a keen and kindly nature, who, as has been said, will be known to posterity, if at all, as *Subsecivæ* Brown.

An English translation of Scheffel's 'Der Trompeter von Säckingen' has been recently issued in London with an introduction by Sir Theodore Martin, who expresses his astonishment that this charming poem has not been rendered accessible to English readers before. It is a matter of still greater astonishment that Sir Theodore Martin should be ignorant of the fact that an English translation of this work by Mrs. Francis Brünnow was published as early as 1877 by Chapman & Hall, in London. Mrs. Brünnow, the daughter of Dr. Henry P. Tappan, first Chancellor of the University of Michigan, translated also Scheffel's 'Bergpsalmen' (Mountain Psalms), which were published in a neat volume, with illustrations, by Trübner & Co., London. Both versions were made with the consent of the author, now deceased.

The twenty-second volume of the 'Geschichte der Wissenschaften in Deutschland,' issued by the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences, is entitled 'Geschichte der Medicinischen Wissenschaften in Deutschland' (Munich: R. Oldenburg). The author is Dr. August Hirsch. After an introductory survey of the art of healing in ancient Greece and in the Middle Ages, he gives an exhaustive history of medical science from the end of the fifteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. A full index adds to the value of this work of reference.

In his fifteenth annual report, Mr. Foster, librarian of the Providence Public Library, speaks of the success of the Information Desk, which "is gradually becoming the centre of the library's life," has made it necessary to perfect the equipment of books of reference, and has led to the "filing and indexing such references as may be prepared on one occasion and are sure to be called for again."

Harvard University Bulletin No. 55 begins a bibliography of the historical literature of North Carolina by Prof. Stephen B. Weeks of Trinity College, N. C.

In the annual Bodleian report we remark among the accessions of the year 173 volumes by donation or exchange from the United States; 158 new book-plates for a collection "which has only begun to be formed within the last few years"; and files of British school newspapers, "which have a twofold interest as embodying the history of the institutions from which they proceed, and containing the earliest records and writings of many who subsequently achieved distinction."

Brentano sends us the Illustrated Catalogue of the current Champ-de-Mars National Fine Arts Exhibition opened on May 10. The translations of the French titles are not often as far off as "Feminal Bather" for *Baig. euse.*

The Max Williams Co., No. 306 Fifth Avenue, have just issued a mezzotint copy of one of Romney's portraits of Lady Hamilton by S. Arlent-Edwards. The proof impressions are on rice paper, very skilfully colored by the engraver without the gloss or garishness of the chromo. The intrinsic charm of the subject is notorious. This house has also published a Mme. Pompadour, from an old miniature, in the same style, and has in preparation a portrait of the First Consul.

A fine panel photograph in the best style of F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, furnishes a pleasing memorial of the late actor and elocutionist, James E. Murdoch.

Harper's Quarterly is a new periodical from the Franklin Square establishment, intended "to print current American fiction of the best class." Mrs. McLean Greene's 'Vesty of the Basins' will be the first example.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, have launched this month *New Occasions*, "a magazine of social and industrial progress," edited by B. F. Underwood. It fills but 32 pages.

An encouraging account is given of the future prospects of the Zambesi Basin by Mr. D. J, Rankin in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for May. Much of the country is "rolling and undulating, thickly wooded and well watered, and, in the vicinity of the streams, eminently suited for successful agriculture." The mineral wealth is very great, gold being found in all the streams, and coal directly upon a navigable river. At present the region is suffering from the effects of Portuguese misrule, the colony having been made a "social refuse-heap" by sending convicts to it. But with the advent of the companies to whom the land has been granted, and through the vastly improved methods of communication with the coast owing to the discovery of the navigable mouth of the Zambesi, a new era of prosperity is evidently at hand. The great want is population, and the labor question is of the first importance.

The most noteworthy article in the *Geographical Journal* for May is an account of an adventurous journey across Tibet by Capt. H. Bower. His route was from Leh, on the western frontier, by a nearly straight course east over the great plateau to China, during which he explored at least 800 miles of country never before touched by any European, or even by any of the Asiatic explorers of the Indian Survey Department. For five months he never camped below 15,000 feet, the plains rising at times 3,000 more. At nearly this altitude (17,930 feet) he discovered a large lake, in which were countless water-fowl, while occasionally "wild yak and antelopes in incredible numbers were to be seen, but no trees," and rarely signs of men. Butterflies were also found at about this height, and a flowering plant was picked at an elevation of 19,000 feet. The few inhabitants (nomads) met disclaimed any allegiance to China, obeying orders only from the Government of Lassa. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Royal Geographical Society has just awarded the Patron's or Victoria Medal to our countryman, Mr. W. Woodville Rockhill, for his travels and explorations in western China, Koko-nor, Tsaidam, and Tibet, and his observations on the ethnology and languages of the countries visited, published in his work, 'The Land of the Lamas,' "for the enterprise and intrepidity shown by him, and for his years of study of the native languages to prepare him for these travels." Maj. J. W. Powell, Director of the United States Geological Survey, was also one of the three honorary corresponding members chosen by the Society.

On the 8th of November, 1893, Theodor Mommsen celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his doctorate. A number of his friends and admirers, embracing representative scholars of the chief European countries, have formed themselves into a committee to arrange for a proper commemoration of this event. They ask those who are interested to make subscriptions to a fund for the endowment of research and scholarship in Mommsen's field of study—the more particular designation of this fund to be made by Mommsen himself. The treasurer of the general committee is Ludwig Delbrück (of the firm of Delbrück, Leo & Co.), Nos. 61 and 62 Mauerstrasse, Berlin. American subscriptions may, however, be sent to President J. G. Schurman, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., by whom they will be acknowledged and forwarded to the treasurer in Berlin with the names of the donors.

Owing to a schism in the Association of Artists at Munich, there will be two International Art Expositions in that city during the present

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year, which will open respectively on the 1st and 15th days of July. The older association (Künstlergenossenschaft) will occupy the Glass Palace as heretofore, while the secessionists (Verein bildender Künstler) will exhibit in a new building erected for them in Prince Regent Street. The intense and exceedingly bitter competition now excited may make both expositions temporarily successful, but it is doubtful whether, from a financial point of view, they can be permanently sustained.

—Two parallel streams are turned into one channel in the new 'Annual Literary Index' for 1892 (New York: *Publishers' Weekly*). The continuation of 'Poole's Index' is here brought side by side with the continuation of Fletcher's 'A. L. A. Index'; the one furnishing a guide to current periodical literature, the other to miscellaneous topics stowed away in books of a certain mixed class. We have, that is to say, two alphabets, covering respectively the picked topics of the year from the magazines and reviews, with the authors' names attached where known (and this is the rule), and the topics hid away in books (as of essays), whose titles do not reveal them, or in official, charitable, sociological, or statistical reports. More than this, the authors are indexed in turn, with a display of their articles; the books analyzed are listed alphabetically; the bibliographies of the year, American and English, are exhibited; and the volume closes with a necrology of writers. Mr. Bowker, in his preface to this substitute for the 'Coöperative Index to Periodicals,' speaks of it as an experiment; but such an aid to study ought to be sure of success, to which private persons as well as libraries should be glad to contribute. What is our cultivated English-speaking world talking about and thinking about? and, Where can I get the latest word on the subject that interests me? or, Has any one recently anticipated me in treating of this subject?—these are questions answerable in the main on application to the 'Annual Literary Index.' So, too, is the question, Where shall I find the weightiest judgment on the books of the day—supported by the authority not only of the literary medium, but also of the reviewer? The thirty-three collaborators in this enterprise (one-quarter of whom, by the way, are women) deserve the renewed thanks of an intelligent public.

—At the recent graduation ceremonies of the University of Edinburgh, seven women were "capped" for the degree of Master of Arts. The first woman to come up had taken her degree with first-class philosophical honors, and she received "an overwhelming ovation, . . . but all were greeted with loud and sympathetic applause by professors, students, and the general public." Prof. Butcher, who delivered the graduation address, stated that the women students had proved their right to the privileges so recently granted by carrying off many of the trophies of war; during this, their first session, in addition to many lesser distinctions in Mathematics and other subjects, they took first or second prizes in English, Greek, Physics, Logic, Moral Philosophy, History, Fine Art, Education, and Music, while "the men students had shown in no grudging spirit that they rejoiced in these successes." During the academic year just ended there were 70 matriculated women students at the University of Edinburgh, and 52 studying music, making 122 in all. The Council of the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women express their "continued belief, after this experience, that under no other system could women students receive in Edinburgh instruction equal to that provided for men," and ask for funds to open a hall of residence for women coming from the country. A more unbiassed endorsement of the conjoint system is the action of the Governors of the George Heriot Trust, who offer to women students requiring aid to graduate eight scholarships of £30 each for three years, for competition at the Edinburgh University Preliminary Examination in October.

—That the impulse to extend advantages and privileges to educated women is still, however, in the spasmodic stage, is shown by the anomalous position of five new lady Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society. These women, distinguished and useful members of the scientific world, were last year elected Fellows in this august British body, by the Council, without feminine eligibility having been endorsed by the Association at large. Opposition to the lady members quickly found voice, although at a meeting last November a resolution was passed approving of "the courteous act of the Council." But within the past few weeks, a special meeting of the Fellows was called to consider the admission of women to the Society, "and their position when elected." A conciliatory resolution allowing women to become "ordinary Fellows," with the privileges of the map-room and library, of attending the weekly meetings, and of adding the highly prized letters F. R. G. S. to their names, while prohibiting them from serving on the Council, or as officers, was opposed and withdrawn, and an amendment simply providing that "ladies may be elected as ordinary Fellows" was defeated by a vote of 147 to 105. The President of the Society, Sir Grant Duff, has announced that the Council will elect no more women, but he naïvely confesses his inability to decide on the legal status of the five venturesome pioneers who have secured places on the list of Fellows through the impulsive gallantry of the Council.

—The London theatrical world still shows no abatement in the activity of its interest in a drama of foreign origin. The Independent Theatre—having given as its latest representation an anonymous "study in three scenes," entitled "Alan's Wife," with a revolting but psychologically conceivable motive, fresh to the stage, though familiar in varying forms to readers of 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' (the English version), and 'Mrs. Keith's Crime'—promises for the 2d of this month a three-act play, "Leida," from the Dutch of a hitherto unknown writer of plays, Mrs. Browne-Mees. The translation of this play will be from the pen of Mr. A. Teixeira de Mattos, whose picturesque name and efficient unpaid services as secretary to the Independent Theatre Society are well known to its subscribers. At the Haymarket, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, not yet won from his love of letters and appreciation of unconventional art by his career as manager of a successful theatre, is about to give an afternoon performance of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People," a play which, in the hands of German actors, is made fairly thrilling in its tragic exposure of the average morality of the average member of society. At the same time, twelve subscription performances of Ibsen are announced, to begin this week at the Opéra Comique. "Hedda Gabler" heads the list, on the afternoons of May 29 and 30, and is to be followed by two successive representations of "Rosmersholm" and "The Master Builder." The same programme will be repeated in the evenings of the next week. These performances, together with those of "Ghosts" and the "Master Builder," already referred to in these columns, should give the London managers a fair opportunity to sound the mind of the theatre-going public, whether it is for serious art on the stage, or for the old line of spectacular melodrama.

—Towards the end of August last year the *Revue Bleue* began the publication of a series of "Souvenirs Littéraires" of a truly remarkable interest and value. Their author is M. Édouard Grenier, a diplomat and man of letters, born in 1819. From casual references to himself in his articles we gather that he received his early education, or a part of it, in Germany, returning to Paris in 1838, and continuing his studies there. In 1847 he went on a mission to Germany, coming back again the next year to engage in the revolutionary movement. For the next ten years he was out of France, first as Secretary of Embassy at Constantinople and afterwards living in Moldavia. The year 1857 appears to be the date of his final return to Paris and of his entrance upon a literary career. His first volume, 'Petits Poèmes,' was crowned in 1860 by the French Academy. The value of his recollections comes from his knowledge, in many cases very intimate, of the great writers whom he recalls, from his limiting himself to the delineation of their personal traits as these came under his eyes, and from his own fine quality as observer and sincere reporter, whose heart does not unduly sway his judgment. In his earlier chapters he gives his remembrances of Chateaubriand, Béranger, Lamennais, Lamartine, Heine, Musset, and Nodier, and it is not too much to say that unless one has read them, nobody can be quite sure that he understands the last sad years of Lamartine, or that he even begins to understand the character of Heine.

—After three or four instalments of M. Grenier's "Souvenirs" had appeared, the series broke off suddenly, although he had announced his intention of going on to paint, either in profile or full-face, many others; George Sand, Victor Hugo, Mérimée, A. de Vigny, and Barbier being of the number. Whatever apprehensions may have been caused by this brusque interruption, they are happily relieved by the appearance in the *Revue Bleue* of May 13 of an article upon Mérimée and Sainte-Beuve, which is quite as good as any of its predecessors. M. Grenier lived for many years under the same roof with Mérimée, and was on terms of the most friendly intimacy with him. He paints him in his habit as he lived, and many of the exterior traits of the figure are not new. We were familiar with the thin, tall form, the somewhat coarse features of the face, the Anglicised manner, the cynical tone. But not all readers will have guessed that much of the tone and manner was due to shyness, and to "that strange Parisian hypocrisy which avoids at any cost even the veiled expression of tenderness and sensibility." There are fewer yet who will not be surprised to find that, in the judgment of his friend, Mérimée's chief characteristic was *bonté*. Beneath his cold exterior Grenier found only gentleness, forbearance, kindness, and steady friendship. These "Souvenirs" of M. Grenier, upon which space forbids us longer to dwell, will doubtless be brought out hereafter in a more permanent form. They will make a book of value.

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MORSE'S LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln. By John T. Morse, jr. 2 vols. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

MR. MORSE closes his book with the remark that Lincoln is an enigma.

"The world," he says, "eagerly asks of each person who endeavors to write or speak of him: What illumination have you for us? Have you solved the mystery? Can you explain this man? The task has been essayed many times; it will be essayed many times more; it never has been and probably never will be entirely achieved."

A writer who approaches his task with the conviction that it is hopeless will be very likely to come short of it. Mr. Morse has done better than could have been expected from one so handicapped. He has the biographical instinct. He knows what things to select and what to reject to illustrate a great career, and his power of condensation is admirable. Yet it would have helped him to a better understanding of Mr. Lincoln's make-up if he had given more attention to the ante-bellum Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was fifty-one years of age when he was elected President. His character was fully formed, his mental equipment was at its best; he had greater trials afterwards than before, but not greater powers. Anybody who seeks to measure him without a profound study of him in the early period will certainly call him an enigma and a mystery, and will predict that nobody will ever succeed in explaining him. Yet Mr. Morse shows impatience with Lincoln's early history; he has no liking for it. Until he comes to the campaign of 1858 he writes as though he were washing his hands of it. Here, however, he warms up, and, after giving, with good discrimination, the salient points of that controversy, he says: "It is just appreciation and not extravagance to say that the cheap and miserable little volume, now out of print, containing, in bad newspaper type, 'The Lincoln and Douglas Debates,' holds some of the masterpieces of oratory of all ages and nations." If this is true, might we not accept the actual Lincoln of the succeeding six or seven years without special wonder? To be one of the great orators of all ages and nations does not necessarily imply the possession of other great qualities; but if we find those other qualities, we need not be quite paralyzed in the presence of them, as though they had descended in a cloud from Olympus.

Mr. Morse has formed a misconception of one episode of the debates with Douglas. Before the Freeport meeting Mr. Lincoln was advised by his friends not to put a certain question to Douglas, because, if the latter should answer it in the affirmative, he would probably win his election. But Lincoln believed that an affirmative answer would alienate the South so that Douglas could not get the Democratic nomination for President in 1860—in which belief it turned out that he was perfectly right. So he replied to his friends: "I am killing larger game; the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." There is no doubt that Mr. Lincoln said this in substance, if not in the exact words. Mr. Morse's comment is as follows:

"A few legends of this kind are extant which tend to indicate that Lincoln already had in mind the Presidential nomination, and was fighting the present fight with an eye to that greater one in the near future. It is not easy to say how much credit should be given to such tales; they may not be wholly inventions, but a remark which is uttered with little thought may take on strong color in the light of subsequent developments."

The explanation is much simpler than Mr. Morse supposes. Mr. Lincoln had not the faintest thought at that time of being a candidate for the Presidency in 1860. Even if he had had such a thought, it would have been quite foreign to his nature to say so in this semi-public way. His idea was that which all Republicans in the West shared, namely, that Douglas was the only Democrat who could carry a sufficient number of Northern States to win, and that anything which destroyed his chance of getting the nomination would enable the Republican party to win. "Killing larger game" was not bagging it for himself, but was making it easy for the Republicans to bag it. The remark was not uttered with "little thought." It was probably the weightiest one that was uttered that year by Lincoln or by anybody.

Rather less than justice is done to the Cooper Institute speech, of which Greeley said that it was the greatest he ever heard, although he had heard several of Webster's best. But Mr. Morse makes amends by inserting more than a page of the text, every sentence of which goes to the mark "as from the deadly level of a gun."

"Since white men first landed on this continent," says Mr. Morse, "the selection of Washington to lead the Army of the Revolution is the only event to be compared in good fortune with this nomination of Abraham Lincoln," in 1860. Yet he tells us that the Convention deserved no credit for its action, that it did not know the true ratio between Seward and Lincoln, although it hit that ratio perfectly. He maintains that the Convention took Lincoln rather than Seward "because he was available; and the reason that he was available lay, not in any popular appreciation of his merits, but in the contrary truth, that the mass of the people could place no intelligent estimate upon him at all, either for good or for ill." This is a half-truth. The Convention took Lincoln not merely because he was available, but because it had a settled conviction that he had first-rate wearing qualities, and that the more he was studied and inquired into, the better he would be liked. This conviction was not restricted to the Lincoln men. It was shared at the outset by the Seward men from Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Massachusetts as well as by the Chase men in Ohio and the Cameron men in Pennsylvania. This explains the sincere and not perfunctory tone of the speeches by which the nomination was made unanimous. No men who ever went to a convention took a personal grief more to heart than did the Seward men at Chicago in 1860, but they were not weighed down by the misgivings which would have attended a nomination grounded merely upon availability.

Upon any controverted point the judgment of so competent and impartial a writer as Mr. Morse is worth taking. He examines all the evidence touching Mr. Lincoln's clandestine journey through Baltimore in 1861, and concludes that the information upon which he acted was erroneous, and that there was no plot whatever against him. He holds, nevertheless, that Mr. Lincoln was bound to give heed to the advice that he received, coming from different sources of the very best character. Upon this there cannot be two opinions now. Mr. Lincoln was a man of physical as well as moral courage, as his history before the war abundantly proves. But he had no right to put the nation at risk in order to escape some temporary ridicule.

A few minor errors that Mr. Morse has fallen into deserve to be noted. On p. 15, vol. i., he makes the Sangamon River empty into the *Ohio* instead of the Illinois, and on p. 361 he places Pittsburg Landing (Shiloh) on the west bank of the *Mississippi* instead of the Tennessee. On p. 213 he speaks of *Orange* B. Judd instead of Norman B. Judd as the chief spokesman of those advising Mr. Lincoln to go through Baltimore by night. Orange Judd was the editor of a widely circulated agricultural journal, but was not at any time one of Mr. Lincoln's advisers.

On page 341, vol. ii., Mr. Morse alludes casually to the capture of Jefferson Davis in "petticoats." This story has been generally discarded. Nicolay and Hay bring together all the testimony that can be considered worthy of any attention. None of this testimony makes any mention of petticoats, although one writer, Capt. G. W. Lawton, quoting a verbal statement made by Private Andrew Bee, says that Davis was wearing a waterproof tied around the waist, and a shawl over his head and shoulders, and was imitating the appearance of a woman. Davis himself says that in the darkness and hurry he seized his wife's "Raglan," mistaking it for his own, and that, as the morning was chilly, his wife threw a shawl over him as he went out of the tent. On page 254, Mr. Morse says that, in the imbroglio between Chase and Lincoln, concerning the choice of a successor to Mr. Cisco as Assistant Treasurer at New York, "though Mr. Chase again managed to prevail, he was made so angry by the circumstances of the case that he again sent in his resignation, which this time was accepted." Nicolay and Hay say (correctly) that Mr. Chase did not prevail, his nominee for the place (M. B. Field) being rejected by Mr. Lincoln. On page 125 the result of the Congressional election in Illinois (November, 1862) is said, on the authority of Blaine's 'Twenty Years in Congress,' to have been 11 Democrats to 3 Republicans. The '*Tribune* Almanac' gives the figures (correctly) 9 Democrats to 5 Republicans. A similar mistake is made on the preceding page, on the same authority, respecting Indiana.

On pages 259 and 289 the circumstances of the withdrawal of the Frémont Presidential ticket and of the retirement of Montgomery Blair from Lincoln's Cabinet are separately narrated, without any allusion to the facts detailed by David H. Jerome of Saginaw, Mich., in the *Nation*, September 26, 1889 (No. 1265), which connect and rationally explain both events. Henry Winter Davis (who is referred to as *Senator* Davis on page 243) made the retirement of Blair a condition of the cessation of hostilities on the part of the friends of Frémont in the campaign of 1864. Nicolay and Hay say that Mr. Lincoln did not ask for Blair's resignation till he was reasonably sure of reëlection. Mr. Jerome shows that he asked for it because he was not reasonably sure of reëlection. There was evidently some arrangement of the dates of the correspondence in order to save the President's dignity. Frémont and Cochrane withdrew on the 21st of September, and Mr. Lincoln asked for Blair's resignation on the 23d.

It is of rather more importance that Mr. Morse seems to prefer Arnold among the previous biographers of Lincoln. Arnold's biography is not nearly so good as Mr. Morse's. He was very careless as to facts, and his literary equipment was extremely slender. Mr. Morse cautions his readers very properly against the apotheosis of Lincoln by Nicolay and Hay, yet he is constantly sliding into the tone of idolatry in a lesser degree. He is everywhere oppressed with the fact that this country lawyer, who was not a very good

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lawyer although strong with juries, this rollicking story-teller of the cross-roads tavern, turned out to be the first statesman, the profoundest seer, and one of the greatest masters of prose of his time. The mystery of Lincoln is not so great as it appears. A man of his gifts must have come to the front in any period of our history, as in fact he did come, yet in an ordinary period there would have been no occasion for testing the one faculty in which he far surpassed all his contemporaries. This was the faculty of grasping and holding the confidence of the common people, who had to pay the taxes and do the fighting, thus consolidating the strength that eventually put down the rebellion. Lincoln was able to do this because, in the first place, he had a wonderfully sympathetic nature, and in the second place because he was one of the common people himself. He knew their modes of thought because they were his own modes, and because his entire fifty-one years had been spent in the closest contact with them. Of all his gifts, that of knowing the public mind and of finding his way to the public heart amid the counter-currents of warring politicians and the press was the most precious to the country. He could never have acquired this gift in any other way than as he did. It is the great merit of Mr. Morse's book that he holds this Lincolnian trait constantly before the reader's eye, although he is himself too much dazzled by it.

Mr. Morse entertains in a vague way the belief that the vein of melancholy which formed so marked a trait of Lincoln's character was connected with the tragedy at Ford's Theatre, in the sense that coming events cast their shadows before (vol. i., p. 47). Perhaps we should say that he toys with rather than that he holds such a belief. He certainly offers excuses for others who may choose to hold it. Is there not a gap to be filled here, seeing that Lincoln could not have supposed himself to be immortal? He lived fifty-six years. He accomplished the prodigious task laid upon him: He filled the world with his fame. He died without pain or the apprehension of it. What is there in all this to make a man melancholy, even if he were born with a presentiment of what was coming? Which of us common mortals, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," would not exchange a few years after fifty-six for such an inheritance?

RECENT FICTION.

Prairie Folks. By Hamlin Garland. Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Co.

Elizabeth: Christian Scientist. By Matt Crim. Charles L. Webster & Co.

The Voice of a Flower. By E. Gerard. D. Appleton & Co.

Matelot. Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Lemerre; New York: Amblard & Meyer.

THE pictures of farm life on the Western prairies which Hamlin Garland draws for his readers in the collection of short stories grouped together under the title of 'Prairie Folks,' are undoubtedly true to life. He certainly knows his prairies and their tillers as no one can know them who has not lived and worked among them. There is no lack of local color in his sketches; there is, in fact, but little else. He brings out with the fidelity of a conscientious realist the cruel necessity which grinds the poor, either of the city or the country. There is something almost tragic in "Sim Burn's Wife"—a tale of toil that is never done; but the tale is devoid of incident; it is actionless and uninteresting; it is merely a description, a picture. Standing alone, as it does, serving no purpose of art as a background or contrast, it is difficult to conceive of its being of any value. We all know that constant coarse labor will coarsen. The only work that is not in a sense debasing is the work of love. So, while the fate of the toiling masses—and Mr. Garland seems to have taken the lot of the agricultural toilers of the West particularly to heart—is at times truly pathetic, and again seems to approach the tragic, one nevertheless must not lose sight of the fact that the true element of tragedy is fate. The force of circumstances which force of character might successfully oppose cannot be made to serve in place of the fates that cracked the noble heart of *Hamlet* while *Fortinbras* returned in triumph.

If Mr. Garland would improve his stories and take less concern for their setting; if he would let us see more into the hearts of his prairie folk and less into their dwellings, and show us, as we have no doubt he might, that many of them have learned and acted upon the truth that you must

"Be your own palace or the world's your gaol,"

the value of his work would be thereby increased. The novelty of the region which he is introducing to literature is not sufficient of itself to maintain one's interest. The well-known monotony of prairie scenery and plant life is likely to infect the delineator. When Mr. Garland speaks of Betty, who is engaged to one person and has just been driven home from "The Sociable at Dudley's" by another—who gives her a friendly kiss at parting—as looking up into the glittering sky with vast yearning, and in the awful hush of the sky and plain hearing the beat of her own blood in her ears, and longing for song to express the swelling of her throat and wistful ache of her heart, one wonders what this author might accomplish on an occasion which really called for fine writing.

The story of 'Elizabeth: Christian Scientist' promises well at the start by the introduction, through the accident of a sprained ankle, of the hero to the heroine among the mountains of Georgia. But after the lame leg has been miraculously cured by Elizabeth's Christian Science, the interest of their further adventures soon wanes. Through a series of hurried events, the object of which is so apparent that even more painstaking art than Miss Crim's could hardly save them from seeming artificial and foreign, Elizabeth is introduced to New York society. The hero reappears on the scene, and the old story is told again, with the admixture of just enough Christian Science to warrant the title. Though a man might think the scene impossible in which Elizabeth's rival gives way to her fit of jealousy, there is really nothing about the book to which one can seriously object, and the quotations from Marcus Aurelius are praiseworthy.

The pretty legend of the Ronsecco carnation becomes quite a serious matter before Miss Gerard gets her story shaped to fit it, and a pleasant conceit turns hopelessly artificial and unreal—like a figure of speech carried beyond the bounds of rhetoric. A novel without humor is sure to prove tiresome unless it is powerfully written, and the serious tone of 'The Voice of a Flower' is entirely unwarranted by the importance of either the characters or their history. The lack of humor and the stilted style make the briefness of the story one of its chief recommendations, although some readers may count as first among its merits the boldness of conception which will have a young and handsome sculptor murdered for the sake of a fine situation, when the unique variety of carnations, springing from the package of seed in his breast pocket, reveals his grave and accuses his murderer. The murder, however, was not truly a tragedy, only a crime; and the failure throughout of the author's attempt to give a seeming reality to the character of Wolfram, the murderer, is capped by the improbable confession which he makes before committing suicide.

A desire for old-fashioned purity and simplicity seems to have sprung up in Pierre Loti, and, leaving for the nonce the sensuous delights and enervating charms so dear to him, he gives us in 'Matelot' the story of a wasted life on the one hand and of a mother's self-sacrificing love on the other. He has been well inspired in the selection and treatment of his theme. He still clings to the sea and those that go down to it in ships, and those, not mentioned by the psalmist, who are left on shore to watch, wait, and mourn. He still harks back to the far-off, glorious East, which has cast a spell on his remembrance and his imagination from which he will never free himself. But the true scene of his story is the weak heart of a son and the strong heart of a mother. A fairly well-to-do family in Southern France, yielding to the child's desire to follow the sea; the sacrifices made by the parents to enable the lad to fit for the *Borda*, frustrated by the carelessness of the youngster himself; the resolve he makes to creep in by the hawse-holes to reach the quarter-deck, a resolve that little by little yields to the inborn *insouciance* of the Southerner; the gradual sinking of the family from its once proud estate, the death of the old grandfather, the anguish of the toiling mother; the life in dreary seaports; the long voyage to the far East, preceded by a brief love idyl that comes to naught save bitter remembrance; the fever caught in the pestilential river, the voyage home, the death at sea—Loti tells all this admirably, in quiet fashion, without surcharge of emotion and with skilful tracing of the weak will's occasional bursts of seeming strength. Jean is a variety of "Frère Yves"; the sort of youth who, without positive vice, never accomplishes anything, and; being nobody's enemy but his own, works, like all members of that interesting class, infinite woe and harm to all who love him.

The Old and New Astronomy. By Richard A. Proctor. Completed by A. Cowper Ranyard. Longmans. 1892. 4to, pp. 816.

THE appearance of this splendidly made work nearly five years after Mr. Proctor's death naturally brings to mind his characteristics as a scientific writer. He first came into prominence as the author of an excellent little book on the planet Saturn and his system, which was afterwards followed by others on the sun, the moon, and other astronomical subjects. These writings displayed not only great literary merit and skill in popularizing science, but also an understanding of the problems of astronomy not universal among popular writers on the subject. Works of such merit naturally led to the author being sought as a writer of magazine articles—a result which a change for the worse in his financial circumstances induced him to accept with too much readiness. A marked deterioration in his productions soon became manifest. When one is called upon to write several long magazine articles upon such a subject as the physical constitution of the planet Mars, of which everything positively known could be condensed

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into a small map and a single page of description, he is apt to acquire the habit of nebulous phraseology and daring speculation. The articles produced under these circumstances were collected into books which added nothing to the author's reputation and are now as good as forgotten. Probably no one regretted this more than Mr. Proctor himself, and some time before his death he announced the commencement of a work on astronomy which he had projected almost from the beginning of his career, and for which all his previous writing had been little more than a preparation.

At the time of his death in 1888 the work was almost complete in manuscript and nearly one-half of it printed in parts. After some delay the task of completing it was assigned to Mr. A. C. Ranyard, a well-known Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and a very able writer on astronomical subjects. The subjects which remained to be treated were the Stars and Nebulæ, which take up the concluding portions of the book; but, of course, much of the manuscript of the preceding parts needed completion and revision. So far as the mechanical execution of the work is concerned, it will suffice to say that no other astronomical work approaches it in magnificence and attractiveness. The typography is sumptuous, and the illustrations are profuse. In literary style a golden mean is adopted. If more florid than we should expect the treatise of a German writer to be, there is little or none of the gaudy tinsel of Flammarion. It is very easy and interesting reading from beginning to end. The author's love of polemics is seen wherever disputed questions are treated; he loses no chance to point out what he supposes to be the faulty conclusions of other writers, yet never so words his criticisms as to displease the reader.

That many of his statements are open to criticism from a scientific point of view need hardly be said. The most surprising assertions are found in the history of the Copernican system in describing the works of Copernicus and Tycho Brahe. To the former he does scant justice—we might perhaps say decided injustice. His treatment of Tycho is yet worse; he puts into his mouth an argument against the earth's motion as old as Ptolemy, that "birds which flew from their nests would be carried miles away from it before they again alighted." These words are, we believe, those of the Scotch poet Buchanan, which were quoted by Tycho only to refute them.

Either author or printer has made sad havoc with the tables of transits of Mercury and Venus. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the work is that comets and meteors are entirely ignored, neither of these words occurring, even in the index.

Book-Plates. By W. J. Hardy. [Books about Books. Edited by Alfred W. Pollard. No. II.] London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE bibliography of the book-plate grows apace: it is only three years since M. Henri Bouchot published the latest French book on *ex-libris*, and since then the British Ex-Libris Society has been founded and at least three British books on the subject have been published. Mr. Hardy's is the newest of the three and the most comprehensive in scope. While devoted especially to the book-plates of Great Britain, it considers also (but very cursorily) the book-plates of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and America. Mr. Hardy acknowledges the priority of Germany in the use of the book-plate, and claims for Great Britain the second chronological place; but he makes no reference to the French assertion that the invention of the book-plate was due to the feebleness of the art of book-binding in Germany. A French book-lover identified his books by the characteristic tooling on the outside of his books, decorated with his motto or his device. The German, content with commonplace coverings for his tomes, had to paste within them a paper label attesting his ownership. Accepting this view of the origin of book-plates, that England should have followed Germany so swiftly in adopting them is not strange, since British binding has always been inferior to the French, even if it has sometimes surpassed the German.

Mr. Hardy is rather insular and narrow in his views, but his essay is pleasantly written and bristles with facts and dates. His treatment of American book-plates is obviously inadequate; apparently he has never seen Mr. Laurence Hutton's articles. Equally insufficient is his treatment of the later British specimens; he omits, for example, the several very interesting book-plates of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson and the pretty vignette designed by Mr. E. A. Abbey for Mr. Austin Dobson. The most recent of Mr. Hardy's thirty-six illustrations, many of which are interesting, is that of the poet Bloomfield, the date of this being 1815.

Recollections of Middle Life. By Francisque Sarcey. Scribners.

SOME time ago M. Francisque Sarcey, lamenting his ignorance of foreign tongues, urged upon his countrymen the necessity of being less exclusive. His regrets would be bitter indeed were he to read the translation of his delightfully racy and witty 'How I Became a Lecturer,' which has been given to the world under the above title, in beautiful print. French is certainly the language in which Sarcey wrote, but what is the tongue into which he is "done"? Is it English, American, or Canadian? There is scarcely a page on which some glaring misconception or utter ignorance of the meaning of the author or of the French language does not shock the reader. After having read and rejoiced in Sarcey's idiomatic French, it may be imagined what one feels on coming across "I take the door!" "to force the receipts"; "when a word fails me I ask for it—it is blown to me from the audience"; "the more Ballande saw me weaken, the more he pressed the sword into my side"; "the first words of the next passage, which put the rest in swing"; "he possessed an enormous voice, what we call a 'good deep'"; "he solicited the direction of the Comédie Française"; "a little theory as to the lecture as I have understood and practised it"; "I imagine that there are among lecturers many as frail as I, who are not capable of embracing a subject at a glance"; "I rolled them a long time in my head, and little by little, without my knowing just how, the large divisions disentangled themselves."

The book is simply crammed full of such atrocities as these, and the publishers could not do better than have a translation into English made of the translation they have given us. For what Sarcey says is worth knowing; it is the sum of ripe experience which he has put in attractive form, and in this land of lectures and lecturers such a book as his is simply invaluable to all who desire to ascend the platform. But it should be properly translated, and this version is faulty throughout; the sense of the original is often wholly lost or perverted, while the easy style is completely killed. French words, for which there are excellent English equivalents, have been left untranslated—but enough!

Outlines of British Colonisation. By the Rev. William Parr Greswell. With an introduction by the Right Hon. Lord Brassey, K.C.B. London: Percival & Co. 1893.

IN spite of the useful information it contains, this book is disappointing, for it is neither one thing nor the other. It offers no real discussion of the great colonial questions of the day; and if he intended merely an historical and descriptive handbook, the author should not have been so arbitrary in the choice and treatment of his topics. He says in his preface that he "can claim to have followed no exact system or method," forgetting that system and method would be the chief merit of a work which, after all, does little more than group facts that can be found in any good cyclopædia. The chapters about Australia are the best and fullest; but though we can excuse the writer for omitting India—since it would need a volume to itself—we can see no reason why he should describe West Africa, Borneo, and Singapore, while leaving to his statistical appendices East Africa, New Guinea, and Aden. Room for these last could easily have been found by curtailing the digressions, the attempts at fine writing, and the numerous poetical and Latin quotations with which the Rev. Mr. Greswell has tried to adorn his narrative. Still, his general tone is fair and sensible, even if he shows no signs of deep insight or original ideas.

There are a few curious slips, as when it is said (p. 91) that Ledyard "had already travelled in Irkutsk and Siberia," and that (p. 172) among the Australian immigrants were "Americans and Californians." The appendices may be useful for reference, though hardly necessary, except for the chronology, to any one who owns the last 'Statesman's Year-Book.' Lord Brassey's short introduction has the eloquent commonplaces that we expect from distinguished men on such occasions.

Ventilation and Heating. By John S. Billings. New York: *Engineering Record.*

DR. BILLINGS'S work is in all respects excellent, and furnishes a most convenient and complete reference volume for the very important subjects of which it treats. It is plainly and simply written, so as to be available for non-professional as well as for professional men, and leaves little to be desired as regards fulness. The opening chapter on the utility of ventilation may be studied with advantage by young people of both sexes, the subject being at least as important and as generally neglected as those of food, clothing, and exercise. In this country, certainly, the average student, after completing a college course, goes out into the world with but the slightest knowledge of how to take care of his bodily and mental health. In his third chapter the author treats of the composition and physical properties of the atmosphere, and in the fourth of carbonic dioxide, familiarly known as carbonic acid. Then comes a chapter on the conditions which make ventilation necessary and the physiology of respiration. Moisture in the air, the quantity of air required for ventilation, the forces concerned in the process, and the methods of testing, come next in order. All these subjects may be regarded as introductory. We come then to special modes of heating, and these are discussed with much

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care and thoroughness. Sources and methods of air supply follow, and then ventilating-shafts with their accessories. Finally, in eight chapters, we have the various methods of ventilating mines and hospitals, halls and public buildings of all kinds, schools and dwellings, and lastly miscellaneous applications of the now generally received principles.

The illustrations are good and very numerous, and we can safely venture to predict for the work a wide sphere of usefulness.

Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M.D., the First American Wood-Engraver. By Frederic M. Burr. New York: Burr Bros. 1893. 8vo, pp. 210. Ill.

THE main excuse, not for a Life of Anderson in book form, but for this particular volume, is the reprint of his brief autobiography and of select passages from his diary. Mr. Burr's narrative, based, like Linton's in the 'History of Wood-Engraving in America,' on Lossing's memorial, offers little essential that Linton neglected, while his much more numerous examples of Anderson's art are greatly inferior to Linton's discriminating and truly representative assortment. Mr. Burr is far from possessing a critical faculty for this purpose. Moreover, he does not make Anderson's indebtedness to Bewick clear, and he even indulges in such a loose expression as that Anderson, "by his native genius, and but scantily remunerated, laid, in the face of the greatest difficulties, the foundations of the art that now occupies so prominent a position in the amusement and instruction of millions" (p. 32). By this he only means that Anderson was the pioneer wood-engraver in this country, not that the laurels of Bewick as the founder of modern wood-engraving belong to our American. Mr. Burr's list of illustrations is tantalizingly defective in respect of dates, which are left to be gathered from the text; or, when the work from which they are borrowed is unknown, we are told that this or that is "an early engraving by Dr. Anderson," which is manifestly absurd in the case of "The Lover's Complaint" facing p. 109, this cut being in his mature manner. There are three portraits of Anderson, one self-engraved. The diary is curious for its picture of the time as well as interesting for its personal revelations of a worthy character to whom a more skilful hand might have raised a more admirable monument. The book is handsomely manufactured.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Mrs. I. M. Twenty Minutes Late. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.50.
Allen, J. A. Check-List of the Plants of Gray's Manual. Cambridge, Mass.: Herbarium of Harvard University.
Anstey, F. Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen. Macmillan.
Appletons' General Guide to the United States and Canada. 1893. Appletons.
Atherton, Gertrude. The Doomswoman. Tait, Sons & Co. $1.
Ayres, M. C. Phillips Brooks in Boston. Boston: G. H. Ellis. 50 cents.
Beach, Rev. D. N. The Newer Religious Thinking. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.25.
Bottone, S. R. Electricity and Magnetism: A Popular Introduction. London: Whittaker: New York: Macmillan. 90 cents.
Brontë, Charlotte. Jane Evre. 2 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Burr, F. M. Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M. D., the First American Wood Engraver. Burr Bros. $4.
Cushing, Paul. The Great Chin Episode. Macmillan. $1.
Dick's Yachting and Sailing. Dick & Fitzgerald. 75 cents.
Dieulafoy, Jane. Rose d'Hatra. [Bibliothèque de Romans Historiques.] Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Fothergill, Jessie. Oriole's Daughter. Tait, Sons & Co $1.25.
Francillon, R. E. Gods and Heroes; or, The Kingdom of Jupiter. [Classics for Children.] Boston: Ginn & Co. 60 cents.
Geikie, Rev. Cunningham. Hours with the Bible. New ed., revised. 6 vols. James Pott & Co. $7.50.
Geldard, C. Statics and Dynamics. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Hartmann, C. S. Christ: A Dramatic Poem. Boston: The Author. 50 cents.
Hartmann, Jacob. The Creation of God. *Truth Seeker* Co. $1.
Jacobus, R. P. An Escape from Philistia. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.; New York: Brentanos. $1.25.
Jarvis, Stinson. Dr. Perdue. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents.
Jukes-Brown, A. J. Geology: An Elementary Handbook. London: Whittaker; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Laurie, A. P. The Food of Plants. Macmillan. 35 cents.
Lecomte, Maurice. Bouderie. W. R. Jenkins.
Lemaître, Jules. Prince Hermann, Regent (Les Rois en 1900). Cassell. 50 cents.
Leslie, Mrs. Frank. Are Men Gay Deceivers? and Other Sketches. F. T. Neely.
Letters from Queensland. Reprinted from the London *Times*. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Marryat, Florence. Parson Jones. Cassell. $1.
McClelland, M. G. Broadoaks. St. Paul: Price-McGill Co.
McKendrick, Prof. J. G., and Snodgrass, W. The Physiology of the Senses. [University Extension Manuals.] Scribners. $1.50.
Miers, H. A., and Crosskey, R. The Soil in relation to Health. Macmillan. $1.10.
Murray, D. C. A Wasted Crime. Harpers. 50 cents.
Parker, Gilbert. Pierre and his People. Wayside Publishing Co. $1.
Parker, T. J. William Kitchen Parker: A Biographical Sketch. Macmillan. $1.50.
Peck, W. M. Advanced Arithmetic. A. Lovell & Co. 75 cents.
Phillips, Melville. The Making of a Newspaper. Putnams. $1.25.
Preble, H., and Hull, L. C. Latin Lessons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.12.
Putnam, G. I. In Blue Uniform: An Army Novel. Scribners. $1.
Sanborn, F. B., and Harris, W. T. A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Bros. $3.50.
Scott, Sir W. The Bride of Lammermoor. [Dryburgh Edition.] Edinburgh: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.25.
Sheldon, H. N. The Law of Subrogation. 2d ed. Boston: Boston Book Co.
Singularly Deluded. Appletons.
Stories of the Railway. Scribners. 50 cents.
Sullivan, T. R. Day and Night Stories. Second Series. Scribners. $1.
Tabb, Rev. J. B. An Octave to Mary. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. $1.50.
Taylor, J. T. Cotton Weaving and Designing. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.
The Honor of a Heart. Robert Bonner's Sons. $1.
The Tuxedo Reciter. Excelsior Publishing Co.
Verrall, A. W. The Choephori of Æschylus. Macmillan. $2.75.
Watson, Augusta C. Dorothy the Puritan. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Yonge, Charlotte M. Grisly Grissell; or, The Laidly Lady of Whitburn. A Tale of the Wars of the Roses. Macmillan. $1.
Yonge, C. M., and Coleridge, C. R. Strolling Players; A Harmony of Contrasts. Macmillan. $1.

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